

Chicago in Tears and Smiles.

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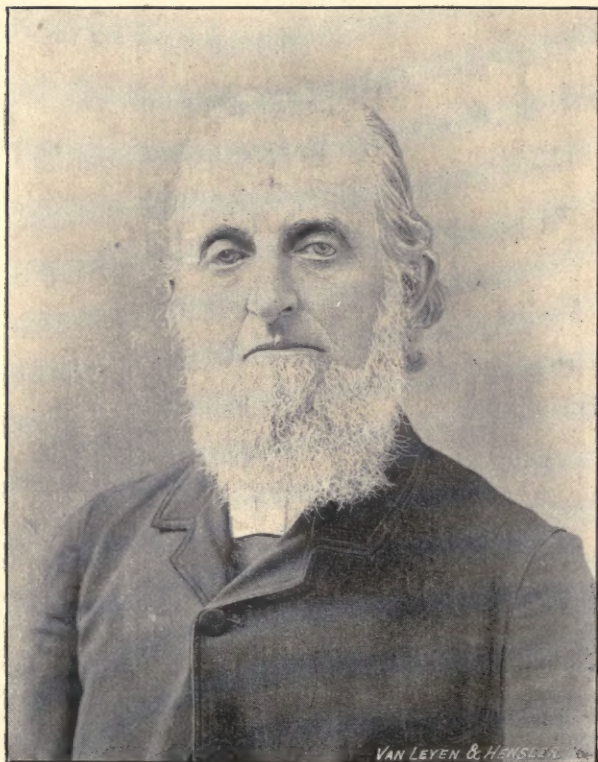
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Luffat immer das Gutes Hien
 und nicht müde werden!
 Willen vom Verstand

CHICAGO

— IN —

TEARS AND SMILES.

BY

WILHELM VOM STRANDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

ROBERT EDWARD GUTERMANN.



CLEVELAND, OHIO :
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ILL HIST SURV

PREFACE.

The eyes of the whole world are directed this year towards Chicago, the great Metropolis of the West. The nations of the earth are assembled there to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of our continent as well as to become acquainted with our glorious country, with its institutions, with our progress in all departments of human knowledge.

There was no city of our country more fit for the great exhibition than Chicago, for "Chicago is America." No city of our continent has grown so big in such a short time, no city of our country is equal to it in its commerce and intercourse with life, it is unsurpassed in its scientific institutions.

A great many of the richest people of our country are living in this city, but next to the palaces of the wealthy man we find the meanest hovels of the poor one; close to the magnificent churches we see the most shocking places of vice and gambling, whose doors are open day and night, threatening to devour every one coming into its neighborhood; side by side with the institutions dedicated to the service of science and knowledge, flourish those which foster stupidity and superstition—in short, Chicago with its bright and unfavorable sides is a true copy of our country, and everyone who knows Chicago, knows America.

This book, first written in German, and afterwards translated into English, is offered as a small contribution to the history of the development of Chicago, as well as an illustration of the above-mentioned bright and unfavorable sides of

this city. The persons speaking and acting in these descriptions, are men and women of real life, are persons, having lived in Chicago before and during the great conflagration. The acts and deeds did also chiefly come to pass in the way, the editor tells us. And wherever he had to put in persons, which did not exist, and facts, which are feigned, they are nevertheless true illustrations of Chicago life as we find it to-day.

So the book may now take its course and find its way into the houses of all friends and admirers of the city on Lake Michigan. But since everything has its practical side too, it may be said that the publication of this work is no money-making scheme, but that its clear gain is intended to be used for charitable purposes, that is, for the aid and support of poor children and orphans, to give those poor ones a home under the influence of Christianity. Prov. xix. 17.

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Chicago in Tears and Smiles.

I. DIVISION.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

1. ON MAXWELL STREET.

About twenty years ago, there stood in Chicago, on Maxwell, near Union Street, a neatly-built cottage, with a small garden in front. At the time of our story, only a few trees, wrapped with straw, could be seen; it was Winter, and the month of February. A thin cover of snow was lying on the ground. On the cottage door was a sign, upon which were, in white metallic letters, the words, "Dr. Adolphus, Pastor." Let us come nearer, and make acquaintance with the inhabitants of this beautiful little place; they are eating breakfast. First we see the pastor, a very nice looking man, with long, black, curly hair. The smooth shaved face, at first sight, gave him a very youthful appearance, and no one would have taken him to be older than thirty; yet he has passed his fortieth year. A young woman was seated beside him; she might have counted twenty Summers; a blonde with blue eyes. Her face was pale, and around her eyes a red ring could be seen, as though she had been weeping; at any rate, one could see that a deep sorrow was gnawing at her young life. This was the pastor's wife. An affectionate little girl with dark hair and brown eyes was sitting at his wife's side in a baby chair, while another girl with a strikingly beautiful face was also present, having dark hair, and large eyes, of medium height with a beautiful form; charms

of which, one could see, she was fully conscious. This was the maid-servant. "Louisa," said the doctor, "reach me the Bible." The girl gave him the Book and he opened to the 23rd Psalm and read :

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

After reading, a short prayer was spoken, and breakfast and devotion ended. While the maid-servant was removing the repast, the bell rang, and the pastor responded. As he opened the door, he exclaimed delightedly: "Welcome, brother William; arrived at last from the far east!" and turning around, he called to his wife: "Emilie, our William has arrived." After a short time, William with his wife Julia and two half-grown children, entered the room. All were welcomed, and soon made themselves comfortable. The maid-servant had to lay the table again, and the newcomers had a good appetite.

The man addressed as brother William was the appointed teacher of Dr. Adolphus' "*Gemeinde Schule*." They had become acquainted in New Jersey, where both had labored in an evangelical church. After the newcomers had refreshed themselves, William noticed the sorrowful expression on the face of the doctor's wife, and asked: "Have you been weeping, Mrs. Adolphus?"

"I am not quite well;" she answered.

It was on the same day, Saturday afternoon, while the Doctor was studying his sermon for Sunday, and the teacher's family had retired, having traveled for two nights, and the maid-servant was working around out of doors, that William and the pastor's wife were alone in the parlor.

"You have been weeping this morning," said he. "What was the cause of these tears? As an old friend of the family, I think I have a right to ask this question. I hoped to find you full of joy and happiness, but I fear you are not happy," said the teacher.

"Dear, worthy friend," was the reply, "do not think hard of me, but I cannot tell you, nor will I tell the cause of my sorrow and tears to anyone, not even to you, although you have a right to know; for through your kind words I was led to the Fountain of Life. But there is something in Life, which Life cannot understand, and, therefore, we must bring our complaint to God. How are all of my friends in P., New Jersey?"

"They are all well, also your parents, brothers and sisters; and as you do not wish to tell me what is in your troubled heart, be assured, I will not ask you what it is that gnaws at your life; but I shall find it out, it matters not how, for it is not all the same to me, to know that a daughter of a family I esteem, is unhappy."

After supper, about twelve persons assembled in the doctor's parlor for prayer, the larger part of them being ladies, although there were several gentlemen present also.

The newly arrived family was introduced and warmly welcomed by all. Pastor Adolphus took up a song book and the Bible, and looking devoutly upward, gave out the number of the song, and, after it was finished, read the nineteenth Psalm:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth

speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hidden from the heat thereof. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them, there is great reward. Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

The assembly was very attentive. To this the voice of the doctor contributed very much, for he had a full, melodious voice. Even in daily life, those that heard him speaking on the streets, were captivated by its sweetness. He made but few remarks, as the psalm is easily explained and understood. After another song and the Lord's Prayer, devotion was ended; although the guests remained.

We must make acquaintance with several of these guests.

A young gentleman, Blumenthal by name, of the Jewish religion, was present. But, what does he here? Does he wish to become a Christian? It may be. However, it seems as though a young lady had attracted his attention. She was a friend of Dr. Adolphus; this beautiful Miss Aurora, and idolized by Mr. Blumenthal. There were two honest laborers, one a shoemaker and the other a cooper, both elders in Dr. Adolphus's church, who lived in the neighborhood. A somewhat elderly lady, the wife of the attorney, Mr. Orlin, was also present. It was rather suspicious, that the whole company, especially the young ladies and women, were handsome people. It seemed as though our pastor only attracted such. The conversation was of a lively character, all subjects being discussed; still there was an earnestness, which checked its enjoyment. At nine o'clock they adjourned.

"Well, Julia, how do you like Dr. Adolphus?" asked William.

"Let me tell you," answered his wife, "that man is a perfect hypocrite, and we must look out for him."

"You are seeing ghosts. I know the man too well to think so of him; and do you think that I would have accepted the call, had I not been convinced that he is a Christian?"

"I hope that I judged him wrong; but let us be on the lookout, for I am certain that I am not deceiving myself, for he has something of the demon and serpent about him."

"She may be right," thought the schoolmaster. "The future will reveal."

2. THE FIRST SABBATH. I

The Winter sun was sending his rays into the bed-room of our friend. William, with his wife and children, had, for the first time, spent a night in the great metropolis of the West. William was up and reading, but his wife and children were yet sleeping. His mind was not upon his reading, for now and then deep groans were uttered by him.

"Can it be that my wife is right in her decision concerning Doctor Adolphus?" he murmured to himself. "Have I really been deceived in this man? Do the tears of his young wife confirm her fears?" The future will reveal, but I must be on the alert."

"Good morning, papa," was heard from the youngest daughter; and our teacher was disturbed in his monologue. "O, papa, I have slept so well," she said.

"Have you dreamed, my child? Your Grandmother in Germany always said, 'What you dream the first night in a strange place comes true.'"

"I had no time to dream," was the answer of the happy child.

"But I had a dream," said William's wife, "and it was not a nice one either."

"What did you dream of," asked the eldest daughter, who was now awake. "Tell us."

"Yes, tell us," shouted both children.

"I dreamed," said the wife, "that all of us were sitting beside each other in church; you, dear William, at my right, and the children at my left. After the choral:

"My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus and His righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name,

had been sung, Dr. Adolphus mounted the pulpit. After prayer, the devil also mounted the pulpit, and stood behind the Doctor. He had a red jacket on, and his face was as red as fire. Two short horns grew out of his head. Adolphus read the text, which was taken from the Revelation of St. John, and which read as follows: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor weeping; neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things are passed away!' His sermon brought tears to the eyes of those present. I also should have been carried away by his powerful words, had not the devil been standing behind him with a mocking smile. In the midst of the sermon, the devil took a rope from his pocket and, making a loop in it, put it over the head of the doctor, and began to grow so that he was several heads taller. After the sermon was over, and Dr. Adolphus was preparing to say the benediction, a laugh was heard, which sounded like the mocking laugh of evil spirits. The assembly disappeared. The roof of the church opened itself in some mysterious way, and the devil, with Dr. Adolphus, floated through the air. Bathed in the perspiration of anguish I awoke when Marie cried out, 'Good morning, papa.' "

"A strange dream, which was produced through your rash decision against the doctor," said William to his wife.

"Papa, you said, what you dream the first night at a strange place, comes true," said little Marie.

"No, my child; it was only the strange idea of your grandmama," was the answer.

After making themselves ready for church, they went into the doctor's room, where they found everything quite lively, and breakfast ready. After eating, Dr. Adolphus asked William to hold morning prayer. He took the Bible and opened it to the 91st Psalm:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

"Surely, he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation: There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

"For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," etc.

After prayer, and other things had been arranged, they went to church, the doctor going earlier than his guests.

Let us follow them to church. As William and his family entered the choir began to sing the song:

This is the day of God!
I am alone upon the mead:
Only one morning bell doth ring;—
Peace! be still, far and near—
My prayer to God I bring!
O, holy fear, thy secret presence,
As if many thousand unseen
Were praying here with me:—
This is the day of God!

After another choral had been sung,—and strange to say, the same one which the teacher's wife had dreamed,—a chapter was read, prayer offered, and the doctor mounted the pulpit.

The assembly waited in profound silence for the announcement of the text, which the doctor read with a full-sounding voice, and strange to say, the same which the teacher's wife had dreamed of. "Our text we take from the Revelation of John, in the 21st chapter, and the 4th verse," said the preacher.

In his introduction he remarked that, as God will wipe away the tears of the blessed, it is understood, that they shall weep until that time; and that it is worthy of notice, as God is unchangeable, He is already wiping away tears. He then remarked, "the love of God keeps back the tears of the blest," and ended by saying: "Each and every one should be careful and see that they belong to the blessed." The sermon was a masterpiece of rhetoric and explanation; but it was not the work of Dr. Adolphus, as subsequently appeared, but a translation of an English sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

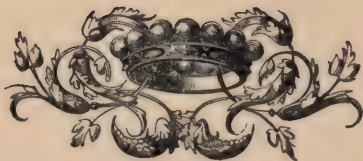
Our doctor evidently knew how to make other men's works his own. Nevertheless it made a good impression upon the assembly, and if the devil was on the pulpit, no one saw him. Many tears were shed that day, hoping that these also will be wiped away in heaven. After service our guests went to their room; arriving there, William remarked, "Julia, were you also crying?"

"Yes," she answered, "mostly because that talented man is a hypocrite, and if he does not repent, my dream will surely be true, and he will fall a prey to the devil."

"It was strange," said William, "that the song, and also the text were the same as you dreamed."

"Papa, grandmama was right then, that that which one dreams the first night at a strange place comes true," the youngest child cried out.

In the afternoon William, in company with Dr. Adolphus, visited several sick members of the church. While going from one place to the other, the doctor remarked that "he hoped in future to have an assistant, who would help him in his work, as he had other work to do." William consented. After supper they assembled in church. William was introduced and gave an address, and after being welcomed by the elders of the church, went home.



3. THE FIRST DAY IN CHARGE.

The next morning William was installed. Two co-workers, Mr. Nelke, the principal, and also organist and leader of the choir, and Mr. Habicht, instructor of drawing and of penmanship, welcomed the new teacher. William had charge the elementary classes, and in the higher grades he taught Bible history. The first day passed away quickly, and after 4 o'clock William was called for by Dr. Adolphus to make a visit to a sick lady's house. Let us follow them. They went toward Liberty Street, on the West Side, and arriving at the place, an old gloomy looking house, the doctor rang the door bell. After entering they ascended a narrow stair, and were shown into a small room in the back part of the building. A beautiful woman, although pale, was lying on the bed. Her head was covered with black hair, which was hanging loosely about her; upon her cheeks a red flush was seen, such as is only visible on sick people.

Near the bed stood a cradle, and in it was a child, fast asleep.

"How do you feel to-day, Mrs. v. Wendel?" asked the doctor.

"Tolerable," was the answer.

"This is our new teacher, a fellow-countryman of yours, who comes from northern Germany."

"The lady stretched forth her hand, saying: "Welcome, to the far West of America. I suppose you also had your trials as I had. I left my country to seek my fortune in America, but it was not the will of God. I hope you will not have to suffer as I did."

These mysterious words were spoken in short sentences.

Dr. Adolphus was looking seriously upon the woman. He spoke a few words of consolation to her, then all knelt,

and the doctor prayed with well selected words for the welfare of the sick.

After preparing to depart, the lady said to William, "Please stay a little longer; I would like to hear something of your home,—your birth-place,—from our home. Doctor, he can stay, can he not?"

"Yes," said Dr. Adolphus; "stay, Brother William; I will excuse you, supper will be ready at six. Till then you have an hour and a half."

"Mrs. Orlin, my friend, who has seen you the first evening, told me about you and your family; therefore, I am more pleased to meet you." In this manner Mrs. v. Wendel started the conversation when they were left alone.

"Dear lady, you are sick and should not disturb yourself; you need rest."

"Yes, rest. I think that I will soon go to rest, and then my unfortunate life will be ended."

"I do not understand. Was your life an unfortunate one?"

"Listen, I will tell you, as though you were our pastor; for I have no faith in Dr. Adolphus, although I am a member of his church. I do not feel comfortable whenever he is present."

"But I am a stranger to you. Nevertheless, if you wish to entrust me with your secret, be assured I can keep still."

"You will say nothing until I am dead, then, after all is over, you may speak. At any rate, let my parents know how much I have suffered for my mistake.

"I was born in Schleswig-Holstein; my parents reside near Cappel, on the highway which leads to Arnis. My parents were well-to-do; and I being the youngest of ten children, received a good education, and all my desires were granted. As I was about to leave school, being then sixteen years of age, I happened to meet the man who is now my

husband. He was an officer in the army. My parents hearing of my intentions of marrying the young man, made inquiries concerning him, and finding out that he was very careless, and leading a wicked life, and, worst of all, that he was a gambler, would never give their consent.

"I was sent to my aunt at Flensburg, in order to be cured of my folly. However, they did not succeed. My husband asked for his dismissal from the army, which was granted. Selling everything he had, he came and lived near the place where I was staying. The passion, which we called love, brought us nearer to each other; and knowing that my parents would not give their consent, we came to America, and having a relative living in Chicago, we went there.

"Mrs. Orlin welcomed us. I was married to Mr. Wendel, and he being a talented man, we could have easily saved up a snug little fortune, but his love and passion for gambling soon put an end to our saving. He might have been cured of his habits, had it not been for Mr. Orlin, for he was as bad as my husband.

"Shortly after our marriage my husband tried to lead a better life; but all in vain, he fell and ruined us. I scarcely saw him, and whenever he was at home, he was so rough and mean to me, although he never abused me. Sometimes he gives me money, which I suppose he won, but I never was in need of anything. About eight weeks ago we were blest with our first child, a little girl. At that time he waited on me patiently, and tried to get work, but no one wanted him. Again he fell back into his pleasures,—but our ruin. What will become of us, I do not know. One thing I fear, that is that my husband will do harm to himself and end his life. My days are numbered, and my child will be taken care of by Mrs. Orlin, and after it is large she will send it to my

parents. O that it may never have to suffer the curse which rests on me."

Being exhausted, she rested.

"Was not your father's name Hans Peter Hansen," asked William.

"Yes, that's his name; did you know him?"

"Yes, I made his acquaintance at the house of Hans Bendel at Cappen. My father was born in Arnis."

"Haus Bendel!" cried the woman; "he also asked me for my hand. He was a nice, good, honest young man; my parents would have given their consent to this marriage. It is only too true what Sirach says: 'The father's blessing builds the children's houses; the curse of the mother destroys them.' Mother, mother, if you knew how your poor child is suffering, you would have mercy!"

"Have you never written to your parents!" asked William.

"O, yes; they have pardoned us, have also sent us presents, but they do not know my present condition."

"Should I write to them?"

"After I am gone, yes, but not now."

At this moment they were interrupted, as the maid-servant entered with a plate of soup. William took his hat and bade them good night, and wished her a speedy recovery.

After supper Dr. Adolphus was called for, and William was asked to go along with him. Stepping out on the sidewalk, the man who called for Dr. Adolphus asked: "Which way?"

"H'm," said the doctor, "I think we'll take a look at State street. The teacher has seen the city by day, and I think he will enjoy it by night."

"I think I can find out now why the wife of the doctor was weeping," thought William. Arriving on State street, they entered a large building, well illuminated. They went

into a room in the back part of the house, where they found several young ladies, and those that were at the prayer-meeting on the Sunday before. "Hello, Doctor," cried one of them; "that's good that you came. Everything has its time,—to be good and to have fun."

Mr. Wendel, in company with Mr. Orlin, stepped forward; the first, a large, well-built, robust man, having military manners, was introduced as Lieutenant v. Wendel, the husband of the poor sick lady. The latter, although an American, Mr. Orlin by name, spoke the German language very well. He was a busy lawyer.

"Bring wine, wine. It must be from the German Rhine," shouted the honorable Dr. Adolphus.

"Wine?" exclaimed William, who was not feeling himself at home. And turning to the doctor, he said, "In New Jersey you were a Prohibitionist, and now you ask for wine. Do you not remember that you preached 'one must cut down all the apple trees, because wine is made from its fruit?'"

"Yes, my friend; but we are now living in a different climate, amongst a new generation. Everything is changed; we must be all for all."

"I think you misunderstand that expression of St. Paul——"

"Drop those theological conversations," said Mr. Blumenthal, "and let us drink to the health of our new school-master."

"Prosit!"

William would much rather have taken his hat and left, but he said A, and he had to say B. After an hour had been spent in all kind of talk, and now and then a piano solo given by one of the ladies present, one by one began to leave. William asked them to stop, but no one was pleased with the thought.

"Stay," said Mr. von Wendel; "don't spoil the game, we must first have a game of '*Meine Tante, deine Tante*,' (my aunt, your aunt)."

The party went through a secret door, up a stairway. They entered a well-illuminated room in the middle of the building. A large table was in the room, around which men and women were standing. Behind the table a man was seated, who was dealing out cards to the right and left of him. William's heart was beating very fast. He drew himself back into the corner where the buffet was standing, and leaned against the wall, so that he could see the faces of the players. Money passed from one to the other. The doctor was also playing, but Mr. Wendel played more passionately than the rest. He was in luck, constantly winning: but the leaf turned, and in a short time the last bill was gone. He rose from his seat, and reaching into his pocket and taking something out, he raised his hand to his temple, and—a shot echoed through the room; and the poor man fell dead to the ground. The lights were quickly extinguished; and the dead man carried into another room.

A carriage was sent for, and the dead man-taken to his home.

They carried him into the room, in which Mrs. Wendel lay sick; who, seeing her dead husband, fell back into her pillow with a cry of horror. Mrs. Orlin ran to the bed, but too late, Mrs. Wendel had given up her spirit.

Presently Mrs. Orlin said to William, "You have gotten into a fine company, my dear friend. Mrs. Wendel has chosen the best part; and her husband has his punishment, and you, my dear child, are mine!" She took the child in her arms, wrapped it up in a pillow, and was about to leave the room.

"It is impossible to leave the corpses here without watching them," said William.

"You are right ; you may go, I'll stay."

"I will only tell my people not to be worried about me, and then I'll come again."

It was midnight when William was on his way home. However, he happened to overtake the whole company, and as they were going to the house, he returned. The men agreed to stay all night, so Mrs. Orlin left the house of misery to go to her own happy home.

The Doctor's and William's wives were waiting for them.

William having arrived home, told them the whole story, and a short time after they retired.

The doctor arrived towards morning. William opened the door for him.

"Before I go to sleep," said the Doctor, "I have something to say to you."

"Am anxious to know."

"You have not told the ladies of this misfortune ? I had no time to forbid you to do so, as all was too unexpected."

"Forbid ? How shall I understand that ? I think I am old enough to take care of myself and attend to my own business. Yes, I told the ladies."

"Do you know that you run the risk of losing your situation in doing so ?"

"If I can only keep my place by lying and scheming, it would be better for me to go back to New Jersey, in order that there every one may also find out what has become of our great temperance preacher."

"Well, let's talk sense. The women will say nothing ; for no one shall and dare not find out the true state of affairs. It will be published, and if you and the rest say nothing, no one will be compromised. You will keep still ?"

William promised to say nothing, and the women also.

The next morning the following item appeared in the papers:

"Last night a terrible tragedy occurred on Liberty Street. A young lady, Von Wendel by name, died with nervous fever. Her husband, a German officer, who dearly loved his wife, becoming insane through her death, shot himself. One child is left, which was adopted by Mrs. Orlin, the wife of Lawyer Orlin."



4. THE FUNERAL.

This sad tragedy was the subject of general conversation in the city. However, no one but those interested knew the truth; the rest believed the report of the newspapers.

Wednesday afternoon this unfortunate couple were buried from the Union Church. Shortly after one o'clock the people came, and at two o'clock the funeral procession arrived. Dr. Adolphus entered first, after him the two corpses. The coffins were covered with flowers, and after these were placed in order, and everything quiet, the choir sang the prayer from the "*Freischuetz*":

Softly, sweetly, holy measure,
Swing to the heavenly region!
Songs responded,
Solemnly my
Prayer to heaven resounded.

To Thee, my heart, O God, is turned
Lord, without beginning and end!
To preserve us
From all danger,
Lead us, our Lord, and God, Jesus.

After the song, the doctor read the 90th Psalm; thereupon the congregation sang:

Farewell! Farewell!
We meet no more on this side of heav'n;
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is giv'n,
Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell! My stricken heart
To Jesus flies;
From Him I'll never part,
On Him my hope relies.

Farewell! And shall we meet
In heaven above?
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

Hereupon the Doctor mounted the pulpit; his text was: "Love never ends." 1 Cor. 13: 8. With well selected words the Doctor told them the history of the departed ones:

"Far from here, in Schleswig-Holstein, near the shore of the Baltic sea, was the birthplace of our departed friends. Mr. Wendel was the only son of an old, honorable knightly family. Mrs. Wendel the youngest of a wealthy family. Our friend went to war at the time his country threw off the Danish yoke. Patriotism made him go to the army, for,

" 'When all preach: Man be great and free,
He chooses death instead of slavery.'

"However, this love changed, and if not changed it was put aside when he for the first time looked into the beautiful eyes of his wife, who is now resting beside him. The life of this happy pair at first was like a running brook, with flowers on both its shores, for the love of the parents to these children was great. They loved each other with a true love.

"However, the life of his wife was not so beautiful as his, for her parents thought she had not found a suitable partner, and so her path was not strewn with roses, but with thorns.

"They both left home, to live together. They loved each other with the love that never ends. And when the storm of life came over them they proved their love, for both fought for their lives. Oh, how much more did they love each other after they were blest with a beautiful child, but the life of the child cost the life of the mother.

"Full of hope of finding work for his dear ones at home, he left the house early in the morning, leaving his sick wife in the care of a good servant; but what was his surprise,

when he returned in the evening, to find his wife dead. The grief of the husband is covered with a dark curtain; the only thing known is that the servant came into the hall, she found both dead. Love never ends. Love is stronger than death. Without his wife life was of no use to him, and he therefore cast it away. Who will condemn him? Death has not separated our departed ones, for they shall arise at the resurrection of the dead."

After the doctor ended his sermon, the people crowded toward the front, in order to get the last look at the unhappy couple.

During the sermon of Doctor Adolphus, William thought of their parents, who he knew would be heart-broken, if they received the message.

The words of the doctor: "The blessing of the parents build the children's houses, but they did not wish houses, they wanted to live for love;" aggravated him most. Here is where the fifth commandment fulfilled itself: "If thou wilt love and honor thy parents, thou shalt be blest on earth, which thy God has given thee." However, William said nothing, but stepped up to the altar to look at the sleeping pair, looking so young and beautiful.

The procession started to the churchyard, "Graceland," and the bodies were lowered into their graves, the doctor reading the first seven verses from the 21st chapter of the Revelation of St. John:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down from heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell

with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I made all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

"And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

After reading this beautiful passage, he said, "The earth upon which we live, shall be that new heaven and new earth; and it shall be given to all the holy ones. And as the love of these, our friends, was so passionate, they shall love each other still more in that beautiful place of abode."

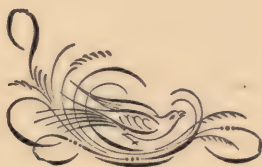
Yes, yes; the doctor understood enough to tell the people what they like to hear:

At the close, the choir sang:

"How they rest,
All the blest,
Who bravely fought the battle of life;
How they rest,
In the grave,
Till the banner of Christ o'er them shall wave.

"When we rest,
As the blest,
And have fought the battle of life,
Then wilt thou,
Redeemer,
Call us from our grave to Thy jubilee."

After all had departed, Willian and Mr. and Mrs. Orlin remained until the last shovelful of earth was put upon their graves. After the flowers were placed above them, William broke two switches off a weeping willow and planted them at the head of the graves.—Both grew and became beautiful trees.



5. MRS. ORLIN.

On leaving the place, the three took a carriage and drove toward the home of Mr. Orlin. William was invited to stay for supper. Which he did. The little babe of the departed friends lay on a bed fast asleep.

"Poor child! you do not know that you are an orphan, but the Lord said: 'I will not leave you orphans; I am coming to you.' May He take care of you, and strew your path with roses."

The words were murmured by our teacher William, after Mrs. Orlin had left the room to prepare supper, and Mr. Orlin had seated himself, evidently deep in thought. Presently the child began to stir, and William commenced to rock the cradle, unconsciously singing as he did so:

"Never again will the roses blow
For us as the roses we used to know.
Oh! never again will the wide sky hold
Such wealth of glory and sunset gold;

"And never again will I whisper, dear,
The pleasant fancies you smiled to hear;
And never again, at the day's decline,
Shall I sit with your little hand in mine,

And look at the beauty of sunset skies
And the sweeter beauty of your sweet eyes.
Never again! for the dream is done
That a word, and a look, and a touch began.

For us, there is nothing but memory,
In the coming days, of what could not be!"

After he ended the song, the child opened its eyes, and looked about. William took the little one in his arms and carried it about in the room. When Mrs. Orlin entered, he said to her, "Here, mother; here is your child."

"*My child!* Yes, it shall be my child,—a substitute for my only daughter that I lost. Orlin, look, this is our child now," she said, and she came towards her husband. He looked up at her as if to say, "I do not understand you," and rising from his seat walked into the adjoining room, where a supper has been prepared. After prayer, Mrs. Orlin told the story of her life. "The song you sang before," she said, "reminded me of my young days. I never knew my mother, just as this child. My grandmama took me into her care. My father, who was a rich mercant, soon married again, and he never paid any attention to me at all. He paid my school fees and gave me money for other purposes, but all of it was money which I inherited from my mother. I never knew what it was to love father or mother, and the name mother has never come over my lips; but I loved my grandmother the more. Grandma lived on the farm, and I was raised and brought up in the country. My playmates were the lambs and the sheep of my grandy, and the good old shepherd. I grew up as the lily of the field. When old enough to go to school, I was taken to the pastor, whom I learned to love and esteem.

"The pastor only spoke earnestly to me during instruction, and as I was a diligent scholar, the hours were shortened, as the minister thought best. Oh, it's only too true, what you were singing:

"For us there is nothing but memory,
In the coming days, of what could not be!"

"Oh, how I have found out the truth of these words. At the age of sixteen my grandmother died. I came home; but what would a wild flower do among sweet cultivated ones?

"My father was in the store all day long. Only at meal times did I get a chance to see him. My stepmother always found fault, and whenever I saw my stepsisters, three in all,

and told them of good old grandy, the lambs, the shepherd, and my good old pastor, they only mocked me; so I was glad and happy whenever I was alone.

"At last I made up my mind to go to America, and being eighteen years of age, I told my father of my intention. He gave his consent, and also gave one thousand dollars. I received no blessing, nor a kiss, at my departure. It was very hard for me to leave the place which once belonged to my grandmother. I first comprehended what Schiller said :

"Farewell, ye mountains,
Ye beloved valleys,
Ye lovely dales, farewell ! farewell !"

"My old friend, the shepherd, cried like a child, and said : '*Gehn sie doch nih no Amerikoa, Froelen, do sullt de Minschen keen Hart hewen !*' that is, 'Do not go to America; the people yonder have no heart.'—Had my people at home a heart? I asked myself. Oh, yes, if all the people were as this old shepherd, or the good old pastor, it would have been different.

"When I departed from the pastor, I had to kneel down, and he blessed me, saying: 'Go, my daughter; but always keep God in eyes and heart, and yield not to temptation, and the blessing of God, which is above all human understanding, lead you and guide your footsteps.'

"I came to America with good intentions, and having a strong will, and ambition to rise in this world, I settled down in Chicago, and gave German lessons to the children of a German family. At this house I made acquaintance with my husband, whom I learned to love. We were blessed with a little girl, but it died when eight weeks old. We are now married for ten years—but enough."

William listened attentively, and Mrs. Orlin, having ended, her husband arose and took hold of her, saying : "You

were not happy during these ten years. I know it, and I am to blame. The love for my own pleasures spoiled your happiness; but it is not too late yet. I promise you, that I will leave off drinking and playing, and work for you and for the child of our unhappy friend. May God help me."

"O Orlin, you have often promised. Keep your word this time, and you will restore happiness. My love for you is always the same."

For eight days Mr. Orlin kept his promise, and then it was the same old story. His wife said nothing, but at last, after the small sum of money was used up, they began to want, as her husband spent the money he earned in gambling and drinking. She changed her last dollar, her courage gave way.

It was evening, and Mrs. Orlin was seated by the cradle, the child being fast asleep. She once rested like this child, when young, but how is it now? Oh, it is only too true:

"For us there is nothing but memory,
In the coming days, of what could not bee!"

"If I could only see a way out of this misery," she thought. "To die—if the Lord would only take me home, as He called my friend."

Thinking of her misery, the door opened and her husband entered.

"Have you prepared supper?" he asked, in a grumbling manner.

"No," she answered, "I have no money." Tears came into the poor woman's eyes.

"Here is some money," he said, throwing a dollar on the table. "Sit down; we'll soon have something prepared."

Supper was soon ready, when Mrs. Orlin said to her husband: "Orlin, you promised me in the presence of the teacher, that you would neither drink nor play."

"I know it."

"Oh, why have you again broken your promise? Stay at home this evening; be a man; don't let your passion control you, but control it. Orlin, I pray you for sweet love's sake, stay at home, let us be happy."

"I can't," he said, and left the room.

When alone she sat by the cradle. The child was still sleeping; it knew nothing yet of life's sorrows and troubles. After a short time she arose, wrapping a shawl around her, and putting on her hat, she quietly left the room.

It was dark, and the rain was falling fast; the gas lights could scarcely be seen. Walking along she picked up stones and tied them up in her handkerchief. What was she going to do with the stones? The streets were quiet; arriving at Randolph street bridge, she looked around to see if any one was watching her; then she looked down into the dark water, which was tempting her.

"Come!" said the water.

She was about to plunge into it, but an unknown power held her back.

Her thoughts carried her to the happy days, when she played with the lambs at her grandy's. She could see the face of the old shepherd, and all the happy hours spend with her pastor passed before her.

"Come, come!" the water said again.

What was that? She heard a voice like that of her good old pastor, which said: "Always keep God in heart and mind."

Had she done so?

No.

"Come, come!" whispered the water.

She stooped forward and looked down, then she threw the stones which she gathered in the street into the water. She hastened to the west side of the city.

* * * * *

During this time, things went on in their usual way in the playhouse. I ask the reader to follow me.

All were present, except the dead Lieutenant, and teacher William, who never entered the house again. The banker had his old place, and dealt cards; the money passed from one to the other.

Orlin was lucky; he was just about to bet all of his money, when a noise was heard on the outside. The cards were quickly put away, and in an instant Mrs. Orlin opened the door, and giving Dr. Adolphus, who was standing by the door, a good push.

"Orlin, Come home!" she cried, frightening all present.

"Yes, my dear; I will," was the answer; and taking his hat he followed his wife.



6. MR. ORLIN.

"Yes, my dear; I will!" Mr. Orlin had answered, after his wife called him home. Arriving there, Mrs. Orlin hastened to the room in which the little child was sleeping, all unconscious that her guardian was about to take her life. She looked at the little child. How beautiful! So fair, and such rosy cheeks. Tears came into her eyes; they were tears of repentance. "O Heavenly Father," she cried, "how could I ever have thought of doing such a thing! I must live for you, my dear child, my little baby." And falling upon her knees, she hid her face in the bed-clothes.

A touch of her husband's hand scared her out of her thoughts, and looking up into his troubled face, she asked: "What is the matter, Orlin?"

"My dear, you must help me; my whole body is surrounded with snakes. O, how they hiss and crawl from head to foot. My dear, help me."

Soon he began again: "Help, help, help! Snakes! snakes! snakes! Fire! fire! fire! Help! help!"

The child awoke and began to cry. The poor woman did not know what to do.

Her husband ran into the kitchen, and seizing a knife, he soon returned, crying out: "Help! help! help! We must kill the snakes!"

He was about to thrust the knife into his breast, but his wife held his arm. Freeing himself from her hold, he ran down stairs into the parlor, and breaking a window, threw the knife into the street. Taking a piece of glass he opened a blood-vessel, and shortly afterwards was found rolling around in his blood.

The breaking of the window and other noises attracted the attention of the people, and a policeman soon arrived

and entered the house. After learning the cause, he sent for the doctor.

The doctor soon arrived, and on examining Mr. Orlin, he declared that it was "delirium tremens" (whiskey fits), and that if nothing else ensued, he would be over it in a few days.

They put Mr. Orlin to bed, who was much weakened through loss of blood. His wound was cleaned and bandaged, and then Mrs. Orlin asked the policeman to please call teacher William, who lives on Maxwell street.

We must first take the reader to the house of the teacher.

It was a neat little place, having three rooms. A room 14x12 was all in all,—parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, kitchen, study, and sanctuary. The windows were shaded with handsome curtains, which reached to the floor, upon which landscapes had been painted. They were presented to William by his brother, an artist.

It was about one o'clock in the morning, and his wife and children were in bed, fast asleep, but he was up and writing. Several pages were scattered around on the floor, showing that his work was not to his liking. After ending, he took up the paper and read:

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAISE.

Dare, no one, to mock the Christian,
Christianity upholds the world!
Onward and upward is ever his aim
Till his body rests in the grave.
The world and the devil may tempt him,
He stands as a rock in the sea,
And if the waves rise mountain high,
He stands firm: his hope is in Thee.

Dare, no one, to mock the Christian!
With longing and love he is inflamed,
For peace and for heavenly atonement

His happy heart is ever aimed.
When sorrows his peaceful heart oppress,
He prays to God in his distress,
Sings joyful songs to praise his Lord
Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness.

When sorrow has darkened your brow,
And your soul is in great distress
And Orkus destroyed your happiness,
Also your holy blessedness :
Then learn from the Christians to disclaim,
Learn to hope for an higher gain,
Learn to suffer and bear calmly,
Learn to lead your path heavenward.

When vengeance thy temper doth deceive,
Cause enmity darkened your life,—
Then learn from the Christian to contrive,
What happiness can bring anew ;
With love, he forgives his enemy ;
He blesses—What else can he do ?
That here his enemy may become his true friend
Before death put life to an end.

'Tis given to the Christian in life,
To conquer the devil by love ;
Before he destroys through frosts in the world
The friends that God hath us given.
To command this passion which in the heart
Brings nothing but condemnation ;
He covers us lovingly with love
Beyond all our expectation.

Dare, no one, to mock the Christian !
In his heart he carries the world,
Is royal to the noble, good, and just.
'Till his body falleth to dust.
Then the angels will carry him o'er
To the Father of hea'en and earth,
His singing we can hear here no more—
But yonder in the Father's presence.

Having finished reading, some one knocked at the door. William opened a window, and looking out, he asked the cause of the knocking.

"Are you the teacher William?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Mrs. Orlin wishes you to come at once her husband is very ill."

"I'll be there soon."

The policeman went his way to the place where these fearful scenes had occurred.

William awoke his wife and told her that Mrs. Orlin had sent for him, as her husband was very ill.

"I will go with you," she said; and suiting the action to the word, she jumped out of bed and was soon ready to accompany her husband. They soon arrived at the house of Mrs. Orlin. She was sitting beside the bed in which her husband was lying.

Mr. Orlin was very restless, and sometimes he would cry out that snakes were troubling him.

"I was very sorry to disturb you," said Mrs. Orlin, "but to whom could I go?" She then told the story, which we have described, and asked her friends not to leave her in her trouble.

"We shall do as much as is in our power," they answered; "but what can we do!"

"First, I would like you to help me arrange all of my things. I do not know how long my husband will be sick, but I do know that his doctor's bill will amount to a great deal. Our money is all gone. Of all the things I have, that are worth anything, is this coral necklace, the last remembrance of my mother. My grandmother gave it to me, and told me, that I should never part with it, and if I had any children, to leave it to them. But I must part with it

to save the life of my husband. I hope it will be for the better, and that he will recover in body and soul."

She gave the necklace to the teacher, saying: "I hope you will dispose of it during the day."

"I will put it into a pawn-broker shop," William said, "so that you can get possession of it again."

William went home to take a rest, for he had to attend his school in the morning. His wife remained the rest of the night, taking care of the baby.

The next morning before school opened, and having told Dr. Adolphus of what had happened, William took the necklace to dispose of it. He took it to a pawn-broker, who offered him fifty dollars for it, under the condition that he would sign a note amounting to sixty dollars, payable in three months, which he did, and took the money to Mrs. Orlin. When he arrived at the house, he found Dr. Adolphus there, who was getting a lecture about his bad conduct, and at the conclusion was told never to enter the house again.

"Very well," he said; "let us leave, Brother William."

"Oh," said William, "I do not think Mrs. Orlin has requested me to leave the house; and another thing, I ask you not to call me brother again, for St. Paul said, 'Be not every one's brother.'"

The doctor left the house. Mrs. Orlin and William entered the room in which the sick man lay. He opened his eyes and looked around in the room, and noticing William, he stretched out his hand and asked, "Where am I? What a strange dream I had. Sit down and tell me what has happened to me."

William told him all, and added that the last treasure of his wife was at the pawnshop.

"O, Orlin, how low you have fallen," Mr. Orlin cried out.

"But," said William, "if a man has fallen he should not fall deeper, nor should he stay lying where he has thrown himself, but with the aid of God should again become a man. 'Out of the dust to the throne,' as David said."

"Let me be alone," he begged, after a short time.

"Come," said William, "God wants to speak to him."

And God did speak to him.

Mr. Orlin was the youngest son of a planter in the State of Louisiana. His father was also a slave dealer, and owned a vast estate, but he lost it all during the war. He was then given into the care of a nurse, a negro, Eva by name, of whom Mr. Orlin was very fond, and she of him. We will learn more of her in the course of our story.

While Mr. Orlin was lying on his bed, the loving God showed him all His way through which He had led him, and also those ways which he had traveled without his God. He led him back to his childhood's days, in the house of his parents; he saw how the poor slaves were driven to work, and the cabins in which they lived. He was a strange boy, he would not play with his brothers or sisters, but with the negro children; for he knew that it was wrong to treat them so. One day he saw how an overseer was punishing one of the slaves. He looked on, but after the punishment he took the whip from the overseer and struck him in the face with it. For this deed he was punished, and lost the love of his father. His mother, who was living for pleasure and enjoyment, cared little or nothing for him, and the only person that loved him was Eva.

She watched over him, took care of him, taught him to pray, to love and honor his parents, but she could not teach him that the negroes were born to be slaves.

At the age of fifteen he was sent to High school at New Orleans. His departure would not have been so hard for him had it not been for Eva. The advice of his mother was,

"That he should always remember that he was of a noble tribe, and he should think himself above others."

All of this he listened to, but it went in one ear and out of the other. "You can talk a long while before I mind such advice," he said.

He was very diligent at school, devoting the most of his time to the living languages, for acquiring which he had an excellent talent. When eighteen, the Southern Rebellion broke out, on account of which all the schools were closed. He went back to his home, and had scarcely arrived when he saw that things had changed considerably; the slaves now had to be driven to work.

One evening, while alone in his room, a knock came to the door, and opening it, Eva entered.

"O, my Orlin," she cried, "you must get away, for these niggers are going to kill you, an' I've run away secretly to tell you."

"I thank you, Eva," he said; "I shall tell my parents of it, and will always remember your faithfulness."

Eva left the house, while Mr. Orlin told his parents.

The overseers were called and armed, the doors latched, and every possible means taken for their safety.

At midnight, the warehouses, in which the cotton was stored, were set on fire; and, as though the devil with all hell broke loose, the Negroes yelled and danced around it. One of them took up a fire-brand and ran toward the residence to set it on fire, but a well-aimed shot put an end to his undertaking.

These poor people had suffered every outrage, but now, like wild animals, they came rushing toward the house, the noise making the air resound, shortly after they had finished their treacherous work. Mr. Orlin went out and commanded them to stop, and in a minute they were quiet. Then he told them of his fidelity, how he loved them, how

he and their children played together when young, and he hoped they would appreciate this love.

Several of the slaves came to him and said, "If your people were as kind as you, we would not have made such an uproar."

He told them to go back to their cabins, and promised them liberty if they obeyed him, which they did, and all returned to their cabins. His parents, brothers and sisters, as well as the overseers, took the opportunity and fled during Orlin's talk with the Negroes. Mr. Orlin remained until dawn. He then gathered the Negroes around him and told them that they were at liberty!

But what good does a person's liberty do him, if he has not been accustomed to it? Therefore, Mr. Orlin stayed with them. They saved as much as they could, and Eva and other Negro women had to do the cooking. However, when the South declared its independence, Mr. Orlin summoned all the strong men and joined the Northern troops.

After the war was over he wished to see his parents, who had sold all their property and moved to New Orleans. He found Eva there, whom he later took along to Chicago. He made his examination for attorney, and having a good situation and earning plenty of money, he began to be extravagant. He gambled and drank, and when his servant, Eva, told him that he was doing wrong, she had to leave the house; although he still provided for her.

Soon after marriage he tried hard to control himself, and keep from these bad habits; but all in vain.

All these things God showed him; he wept and repented, and this was a repentance no one ever feels sorry for.

Several days afterward William came to the house, and Mr. Orlin told him what he thought of doing; and from that day they were the best of friends.

Mr. Orlin's conversation with William was suddenly interrupted, for the door opened and a Negro lady entered. It was Eva. She knelt beside the bed and cried, "Orlin, Orlin, my dear little Orlin, are you sick?"

Mrs. Orlin laughed heartily at this scene, and said, "Eva, I could be jealous of you, but as you think so much of my husband, and took so much care of him before, you shall remain with us."



7. THE KETTLE-DRUM HAS A HOLE.

Mr. Orlin was recovering. He was a different man, in the full sense of the word. A new day was dawning. The light pierced through and into his heart, and he saw his mistakes; and although his acquaintances tried to bring him into their company again, it was of no use. Orlin became a new man. He left his evil companions and associated with the pure and the holy. Every Wednesday, several devoted men and women gathered at the house of Mr. Orlin, to read and study the Scriptures. Teacher William led the meetings, and in the course of time more and more gathered. The better class of people learned what Doctor Adolphus was, and therefore, he was compelled to put an end to his Saturday night Bible class. Doctor Adolphus, as well as Prof. Nelke, hated William, who was often falsely accused in the meetings; especially his teaching of Bible History was now and then sharply criticised, and once he was reproved for letting some of the new scholars learn the ten commandments. And upon asking the question: "How can I teach religion without teaching the ten commandments?" the noble gentlemen could not answer him satisfactorily. He knew that his situation as teacher could not be held much longer. The third teacher said nothing, and that was the best thing he could do. As Dr. Adolphus announced it from the pulpit that William would help him in visiting the sick, more came to him than to the Doctor, and in this way he soon made the acquaintance of the members, and was esteemed and loved by all.

The members knew that this division would bring wreck to the church, for the better class gathered around William, and the others followed the Doctor. William knew that he had a hard place, and it required great patience and love to stay. He did not wish to resign, for the church would be

totally wrecked if he did. Dr. Adolphus also knew that the ground upon which he was standing was not a firm foundation. However, he was a skillful rope-walker, and even if the ground shook he balanced himself very well. He trusted to his own wisdom and skill to get rid of his enemies. "To get rid" of William he accused him as having preached the Gospel without being ordained; for we know William led the meetings at Mr. Orlin's. He was ordered to be at the house of the Rev. Doctor to justify himself.

Before we go into details, the reader must needs make the acquaintance of the judges. Seated beside the doctor was Prof. Nelke, who also was secretary; then the two workmen, whose acquaintance we have made at the beginning, and three other gentlemen, whose acquaintance we will make now. A strong, robust, but very nice looking gentleman was sitting beside Prof. Nelke, his full-grown beard making him appear like a giant Goliath. He had black eyes, and the color of his hair was of a chestnut brown; this man was Mr. Bock, the inn-keeper.

The other was a delicate young fellow, who tried to hide his sharp eyes with his blue spectacles which he wore. He was a tailor by trade, and very much attached to the honorable Doctor, and was his boon companion. His name was Mr. Lamb, he was a lamb of the devil.

Mr. Hahn was the third gentleman, who was very quiet, and only spoke whenever he was asked.

Before William arrived, the men had consulted how it would be best to take hold of him. It was such a court as that of Pontius Pilate, who had sentenced the Saviour to death before he asked Him who and what He was. They tried to "get rid" of him in the same manner, his callings should only be for show. However, things did not work right and no one was to blame but the honorable Doctor himself. The teacher conquered him, being very

calm, and the 46th Psalm had helped him, and the prayer he sent up to his Heavenly Father. The words were echoing in his heart: "Therefore I do not fear—even if the waters should roar and be troubled; and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Mr. Bock was chosen chairman of the meeting, and opened the same by asking the Doctor to pray. After prayer Mr. Bock addressed William, saying: "You are accused by Doctor Adolphus of trying to take his place, holding prayer-meetings in the houses of the members, and therefore taking hold of something which is not your duty. What have you to say?"

"I think," said William, "that this is a free country, in which everyone can live according to his own principles. I also was asked by Dr. Adolphus to help him in the great work of our Lord Jesus Christ. Everything would have gone along in its regular course, if Dr. Adolphus had not acted so ridiculously. Had I not watched and taken care of myself, he would have led me into the same miserable hole into which he has fallen; and I say that man is not worthy of the position he holds. I——"

"Hush!" the Doctor cried, not knowing what he was talking about; "you are a hypocrite, cheat, Jesuit; you rob the hearts of the people; you are a miserable wretch, unworthy to have the sun to shine upon you,—a drunkard, and I can't mention all."

While he bestowed all these titles of honor upon William, he walked up and down the room like a wild animal. After all had recovered from their shock (for the Doctor had fallen out of his role), William said to the Doctor: "You have called me all these beautiful names, and you know that I am a teacher, and as such never take anything without proofs. I hope the gentlemen will have so much pride as to

do justice. How will you prove that I am what you take me for."

"Rev. Manhart and Rev. Rundherum said it," was the answer.

"Well," said William, "the gentlemen will permit me to go and speak to these ministers and get the proofs, and appoint a time when I can hand them in."

The time was set, Sunday evening after church, and a motion was made to adjourn till then.

William rode to the houses of these ministers, both were provoked when they heard what Dr. Adolphus said, and the Rev. Manhart wrote on a piece of paper: "If Doctor Adolphus said, I told him that William was any of these which the Doctor called him, he is the greatest liar in God's creation.—Pastor Manhart." Rev. Rundherum said the same, and promised, as he had no service, to be present.

The time came; the Doctor preached from the text, Matth. 7: 15, which treats of the false prophets that would come, dressed in lamb's skin, and in their hearts would be devouring wolves. He was hinting at the teacher and his followers.

"They got it to day," was the remark made by one of the ladies who loved the Doctor.

After the members left the church, they again took hold of the case against William. After they were called to order, William gave the chairman the slip of paper given to him by Rev. Manhart. He read it and, with a mocking laugh, handed it to Prof. Nelke, who arose, and we thought he would read it aloud, but he passed it to his colleagues, so each one read it. At last it was hurried over to Doctor Adolphus. He bit his lip, and William was watching him to see what would follow. At that moment there was a knock and Rev. Rundherum entered, saying, "I was asked by teacher William

to come here this evening, to testify that I never said anything against the teacher."

All looked at each other ; no one knew what to say. At last the chairman remarked, "The best thing will be that we adjourn, and that we be a little more careful that this never occurs again. Minister and teacher should go hand in hand, and we must take care that the congregation does not find anything out of what has been going on. Let us cover all with the mantle of love. You have forgotten yourself in your zeal," he said, turning to the Doctor, "and you, my friend," speaking to the teacher, "should think of the welfare of the church, and be a friend to the Doctor; for it was he that got you your situation. Neither shall leave this room until you forgive each other."

The Doctor rose from his seat and stretched out his hand. William was not very anxious to shake, but suddenly a thought entered his mind, and seizing the Doctor's hand, he said : "Doctor, if I break down the bridge upon which we are standing, one will be drowned, and you are the man."

William left the meeting. After he was gone, they consulted how the hole could be patched that was beaten into the kettle-drum. They agreed to let the teacher rest at present, and to take up the plan of building a German High School, in order to keep the Germans together ; and during this time William was to look out for another place. If the gentlemen had thought of the Word of God in Isaiah 8: 10 : "Take counsel together, and it shall come to naught ; speak the word, and it shall not stand ; for God is with us ;" they would not have builded such castles in the air.

William went home full of joy. He never before felt the presence of God as that evening, and he understood the words of the poet when he said

My heart is glad,
And can't be sad;
It's full of joy and song:
Finds pleasure all day long.
What makes me glad, is Jesus Christ
The Lover of my soul.
What makes me sing, is Jesus Christ
The man that makes me whole.



8. THE DOCTOR'S OSTRICH STOMACH.

A German High School ought to be established, in order to cover the hole which Dr. Adolphus beat into the kettle-drum through the conflict of teacher William and himself. How was this to be done? The church was in debt, and the property and building of a High School cost money. Yes, money, and plenty of it. It was on a Thursday afternoon that the trustees and Dr. Adolphus entered the schoolhouse to converse about school matters. After the revision, the three teachers were requested to go to the schoolhouse at half-past seven, to give their opinion concerning the erection of the German High School. They assembled at the appointed hour, and chose Dr. Adolphus chairman and Prof. Nelke as secretary. After the assembly was thus organized, the chairman spoke as follows: "Dear brethren, our '*Gemeinde Schule*' is not up to the standard, and I think it is time to set aside this deficiency and to work; but as our congregation is too poor, we must interest all the German people in Chicago for our great mission. I have spoken of the following plan to some of the most prominent men of our city: We shall organize a school board consisting of a representative from each of the different societies. I have also spoken to the turners, and different lodges, singing and pleasure societies, and they think the plan excellent; only a few lodges have not yet consented; however, we can easily win them. With such a union we could gain an influence over the whole city. It must be a High School in the full sense of the word. What do you think, dear brethren? Would it not be good to discuss this plan in the congregation?"

William asked for the floor, and said: "Brethren, I do not wish to be misunderstood, if I speak against the plan of our honorable chairman, for I dread to think of the abyss into which this plan may throw us. It would be excellent

if we could establish a German High School, but this school must or ought to be of a Christian character,—it should be a salt for the Germans, and should not only be for the secular instruction of the students, but we must also try to instil Christian ideas within them. This will not take place if non-Christian societies have a seat and vote in the management. We would have to surrender, and that would be dangerous to the school.”

Hereupon Mr. Nelke asked for the floor, and said: “My honored co-worker sees ghosts. I, as well as many of our church-members, that are members of different lodges, would protest against such arguments. In this case he talks as a blind man, who tries to speak of the colors which he does not know. If he knew the management of the lodges, he would find out that many Christian deeds are done by them, and I think with such elements we could influence the better part of the Germans.”

“Well,” said William, “the future will reveal who of us is right. I do not wish to be misunderstood, and I hereby declare that I have nothing against the work of lodges,—I mean that part of their work which is for the support of the sick, widows, orphans, etc., and I wish the church would do the same; but to unite with them to establish a German Christian High School, I think, is nonsense. But I, as well as my co-worker, have only one vote, and I will yield to the majority and let God, who guides all, rule all.”

After several other members made remarks, the following things were agreed on: “At the next church meeting to announce that, united with the German lodges and societies, a German High School should be established, and that the premises upon which the school is now standing, should be given for the purpose.”

Before the church meeting, Dr. Adolphus’ friends worked hard for the cause. The German press was interested in the

work, and in all places, lodges, societies, etc., the plans of Dr. Adolphus were highly praised. For a time he was the most popular man in Chicago, and his plans were carried by a great majority, almost without discussion. But its establishment would cost money, and where to get it, that was the great question. Collectors were chosen, each one having his own district, and furthermore, it was agreed to give a fair in July in the "Turning Hall" for the purpose of raising funds. Four committees were appointed with members of different lodges as chairmen in each of them. Teacher William was one of the collectors, it being evident that the Doctor was trying to win him, or to tire him, of his undertaking, or, to use his own words, "to drown him by breaking the bridge." His friend, Mr. Orlin, said nothing, and as he did not want to have anything more to do with the Doctor, he also wished his friend William would say nothing. However, being teacher, he had to take part in the assembly, and he still hoped that God would bring everything to pass according to His will. The time of the fair came on. The committees worked like bees, and there were but few Germans that did not help. William was not accustomed to the work, therefore cared nothing or little for it,—he merely collected money and handed it to the treasurer.

As soon as the fair, that was to last four days, was opened, presents were donated amounting to many thousand dollars. Articles from one cent up to hundreds of dollars were to be seen and had; among them a piano valued at five hundred dollars, etc. Let us look within the building. From every one that entered an "Ah!" was uttered. We must give the Doctor credit, for he understood well the arrangement of the donations, and handsome young ladies were to attend to the stands. Near the door there stands a large snuff-box, and on it was written:

"When the heart and mouth have plenty,
Then the nose doth not be empty."

Presently we arrive at a door, above which is the inscription: "Curiosity Chamber. Admission, only 10 Cts." In this chamber was exhibited the watch which Napoleon used during his flight through Russia. Also different coins, and the drum which the Israelites beat while going through the Red Sea. In the back ground was a large sign, on which were painted animals of every description, below which were the words, "The Great Menagerie." At the door of this menagerie stood a man, who called out: "Those who have not been in the menagerie have not been to the fair."

On entering they saw dogs and cats, squirrels and chickens, a deer, white mice and rats, Guinea pigs, and many other animals.

On the other side of the "Hall" there was a chamber where every gentleman, who paid ten cents, could enter and receive a kiss from a beautiful young lady.

Beside the door of this chamber stood the piano and a gold-headed cane, which were to be raffled for, and which together realized about two thousand dollars.

The adjoining room was made into a wine and beer hall.

Thousands of people were present just for the purpose of getting rid of their money, and they found no difficulty in doing so.

Among the crowd Dr. Adolphus, the hero of the time and the director of the fair, was seen.

This fair lasted four days and four nights, and closed with a variety entertainment.

But let us drop the curtain.

It is horrible to think that anyone should resort to such means in order to build a Christian school. However, the purpose had to sanctify the means.

Ten thousand dollars net gain at least! The correct amount was not made known, for the conscience of the noble gentlemen of the city troubled them very much. One month after the great fair, the corner stone of the German High School of the Union Church was laid. It was a beautiful day in August. The place was finely decorated, and, at four o'clock in the afternoon the lodges, with their emblems, came marching along to the strains of the martial music. The turners, and also many other societies arrived with their flags, and placed the latter on the building grounds. Dr. Adolphus and the building committee took their places on the platform. Teacher Nelke stood near with a roll in his hand, like Bluecher on the battlefield with his spy glass. After the musicians were through playing the choral, "Wake up, for loud calls the voice," the different choirs sang, and then Dr. Adolphus rendered an address, in which he said the duties of every German were to give their children the best education, and he was glad that he succeeded in persuading the different lodges to aid him in his undertaking, etc., etc.

Yes, yes, the doctor understood it very well, to throw sand into the people's eyes, and smear dirt around their mouths.

He had an Ostrich stomach that could digest everything, if his plans were only carried out. One especially was pleased, and this was the devil. Prof. Nelke read a document and this was put into the corner-stone. After the choir had sung another song, and the Doctor had laid the stone by giving three stroke with a hammer, they departed. In the evening teacher William held a prayer-meeting in the house of Mr. Orlin, he read the 40th chapter of Isaiah and explained the last verse, which reads as follows: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

After the hour of devotion was passed, they concluded to remain as members in the church, to be a salt, in order to keep the church from decaying. Exactly one dozen were present, but the Doctor's friends numbered thousands; however, with these few the stronger One was, who shall one day lay the whole world at His feet.



9. DISGRACE IN THE HOLY PLACE.

The High School was almost finished, and diligently they were working on and for it; but while the work was going on, dark clouds came up, which threatened the Doctor. The Evangelical Union Church belonged to a synod, which was to meet in October, and that, too, at Rev. Manhart's church in Chicago.

A protest was handed in by the Rev. Rundherum against the admission of the Doctor into the Synod. He was not yet a member of it, and was only chosen to be minister of this church under the condition that he would become a member of the Synod.

In order to keep track of our story we must follow teacher William to the church of the Rev. Manhart, where the meeting was to take place.

All were present, and it was in truth an honorable meeting. The president opened the Synod with reading a chapter from the Bible, prayer, and the song:

"How sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of the Lord!
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,
And come, according to Thy Word.

"From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee;
Ah, Lord, behold us at Thy feet!
Let this the 'gate of heaven' be.

"'Chief of ten thousand!' now appear,
That we by faith can see Thy face;
Oh, speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this place!"

After the opening, one of the members said:

"The committee of taking up new members is ready to report."

First would be, the acceptance as member of Dr. Adolphus, of the Union Church, in Chicago.

The motion was made not to accept him, as Rev. Rundherum had handed in a protest against the Doctor.

In this way it was found out that the Doctor came in connection with the different lodges in order to build a German High School, etc. After the motion was made and seconded, remarks were called for. The Doctor asked for the floor, and spoke as follows :

"Brethren, in order to establish a High School I only had the good and welfare of our Church and Synod in view. We should have a larger influence in the Western Metropolis than we have, and how else can we get this influence through the education of youth. And if we, by means of these different lodges, which are not of a Christian character, can increase the work of our beloved Church, I think it is our duty to accept all the help we can get. Look at the High School of the Catholics! I tell you, something is learned there, and many of our members that like to have their children instructed, send them there. Of course, the result is that we lose them. We, the Church and myself, shall take care that the Christian character is held up, and as Christians we know this, and none of the people that helped us, said anything against it. Brethren, our Master said, 'Be wise as the serpent, but without fault as the dove.' It is not that I am seeking my own honor, for if that were the case, I should say, do not take me as a member. But here it is for the good of our Church, which will stand by my side; for the school, from which we shall derive great benefits; for the good of our Synod, the influence of which will decrease if it objects,—for the people will say, 'This honorable body is against a higher education.' But the most of all, it will be a blessing to our sons and daughters. What matters it, whether our children be instructed by unbelievers or Catho-

lies? And I say those that instruct our children have won them for their church," etc.

The address made a good impression, and after it was ended, the Synod took the next point into consideration.

If the Church is willing to direct this school in a Christian-like manner, the Doctor can be taken up as member, under the condition that he would hand in a pledge with the names of the ecclesiastical council, certifying that they would keep up a Christian spirit in the school. After this proposition was made, the Rev. Manhart was opposed to it. However, the council spoke for it, making it appear as if the Rev. Manhart was jealous. After they were all calmed down, the motion was made to admit Dr. Adolphus as a member. After this Rev. Manhart spoke again: "Brethren, this accession will not be a blessing to our church; but the future will reveal."

And the future did reveal. The Doctor did not keep his word, and the ecclesiastical council permitted that those students, whose parents wished them to study the Bible, could do it, but in general it was not taught.

The building was finished in December, and should be dedicated at the beginning of the new year.

One hundred life scholarships were sold.

On the second Christmas day the trustees assembled to elect their teachers. Doctor Adolphus was chairman and Prof. Nelke secretary. The meeting was not opened with prayer. The Doctor read the names of the applicants, and Prof. Nelke's name was the only one of the former teachers read; for Mr. Habicht and William thought, being teachers before, it was not necessary they should apply.

A better teacher in Mathematics, Penmanship and Drawing, could not be found than Mr. Habicht, but as he did not take part in the Doctor's plans, he did not like him. And teacher William was also good in his branches, Religion and

in the elementary classes ; but he stood on the bridge with the Doctor and he wanted to break the bridge. There was no place in the school for Mr. Habicht or William. Prof. Nelke was appointed principal, and in this way their new-born child was given to a nurse, who would kill it in a short time. Before they departed William said: "You had no place for Mr. Habicht and me. It is well. But I did not think you would be so foolish as to give the management of the school to a man that did not study Latin or Greek. How can he tell whether the teachers are doing their duty? And as he told me himself, that he could not extract the cube root, how is he going to manage Algebra or Geometry? It is like putting an ox on a rope and telling him to dance. Come, Mr. Habicht, let us get out of this place."

After they had left the room Mr. Habicht said: "I am doubting a Bible verse."

"Which one?" asked William.

"In the Proverbs we read, 'There is nothing new under the sun; for it has happened before.' I cannot quite believe such a thing as this has happened before,—the idea of giving the management of a High School to a person who is not fit to teach the A. B. C. class. But this can only take place in America, in no other country. Yes, yes, in America impossible things are possible."

By not giving the other two teachers an equal chance with Prof. Nelke, a row was brought on; for these men were esteemed by many of the church. Mr. Habicht established a private school, and William was advised to do likewise, but he refused all help. He earned his living by giving private lessons.

At the next Bible meeting at the house of Mr. Orlin, William wrote a petition with the signature of twenty-five members, on account of breach of promise on the side of the Doctor. The Doctor heard of this, and had all the members

of the church assemble, when he said to them: "Let us throw off the yoke of the Synod and be a free thinking church."

What he proposed was accepted.

William and several other members protested against this, but they were in danger of being thrown out, if they did not hold their peace. Well, the Doctor had the majority on his side, and majority rules.

But "he who laughs last, laughs best."

The following Sunday the church was crowded to the utmost, for the steps which the Doctor had taken spread like fire.

He had been the hero of the day formerly, but now, as the man who had the courage to throw off the old belief and the old faith, and to preach against the nonsense of the Bible, he was, they thought, worthy of being made a god.

The Doctor mounted the pulpit without wearing his cape. This was a sign that he had thrown off all the old forms of the church, and was a free thinker. The theme of his sermon was, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

He began his introduction with the poem:

Freedom, which I mean,
Which I esteem,
Come, with thy holy light
Beautiful vision bright.
Thyself you'll not show
To us below;
Leadest thy holy song
Only the heavens along?

More than ten times he called out, "The cape is too tight for me, therefore I have done away with it."

His sermon consisted of nothing but "truth," and often he would say: "Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, shall I preach in the future."

But ne had forgotten to explain what he meant by the word "truth." It is strange to hear a man who knows nothing but to lie, speak of truth.

When service was ended, and the people had departed, William was asked by another "free-thinking" minister, whether the Doctor would drown after having torn down the bridge.

"Certainly," answered William; "before one year has passed the Doctor and all of his followers will fall into the water and drown."

* * * * *

The Synod appointed a committee to inquire into these things. The committee only conferred with the few true members, as they really were the ones that upheld the church. An extra meeting was to take place, and all the members to be present.

The committee and teacher William occupied the last seats in the church; as the hour for the opening of the meeting approached, the Doctor, with his followers, entered and took the front seats.

Mr. Bock was appointed chairman, and after the meeting had been called to order, Doctor Adolphus read his letter, which was sent by the Synod, stating that "the property of the church belonged to the members who would adhere to the Synod, and that the newly organized free church would have to look for another location, as the honorable church body would not permit their property to be occupied by those who do not acknowledge the true faith."

After the letter was read, William remarked, that a committee of the Synod was present, which would like to have the liberty of speaking a few words.

"What!" cried Dr. Adolphus, "these people ought to be driven out of my — I mean our — church as scabby dogs."

"Out with them!" was heard from all comers.

Sticks were raised, and one man struck the chandelier and down it came with a crash.

"Eaves-droppers! Blackguards! Out with them!" shouted the enraged director of the High School.

With uplifted chairs and sticks, they came rushing towards the faithful ones, who were glad to make their escape.

After they had been driven out, the new director played the melody, "Freedom, which I mean," and those present joined in the chorus. After this a motion to adjourn was made, and the Doctor invited them over into his parlor, to have a drink.

The committee of the Synod had lost all hopes of regaining their property by fair means; but William said to them, "Brethren, the followers of Doctor Adolphus will soon become ashamed of him." And his words proved true.



10. THE DOCTOR FALLS INTO THE WATER.

The trouble first began in the school. Excellent teachers who understood how to teach all branches were elected. These teachers did not wish to have a principal who was not competent.

In the weekly meetings Dr. Adolphus was chairman, but he soon proved to be incapable of attending to the different branches. Some began to inquire why he called himself "Doctor." There are many here in America who call themselves Doctor without having received diplomas. No one knew where the good man came from. One morning he was seen in New Jersey, being told in New York that there was a vacancy for him, and as he was a born orator, they passed him without an examination. So it was in Chicago.

Where his birthplace in Germany was, and who his ancestors were, could not be found out. To everyone he told a different tale, and if one would call his attention to his contradictions, he would laugh and say, "It is not necessary for every one to know my life." Theology, he wanted to have it understood, he had studied in England; but this, as it was found out, was not the truth. Such a man of course was incapable of regulating the different grades in a High School.

One Sunday afternoon William was visited by one of the teachers of the High School. He told William "that in the last conference with the Doctor, he had said to him that he would not continue teaching, and neither would the other teachers, if Mr. Nelke was retained as principal, as they did not wish to be directed by a man who is not capable."

"But will it benefit you and your friends?" asked William.

"I am convinced that the man will not let himself be thrown off his saddle; however, I am glad it came to this, for now the fall of the would-be Doctor is settled; but he will try to hold himself, and he will, for he is a good rope-walker and a good swimmer. But if you and your co-workers break the bridge, then he must fall into the water."

The teacher also thought that Mr. Nelke would gladly resign, as the school could not exist under such regulations.

"You don't know that man," said William, "for to the trustees, as well as to the teachers, that which Dr. Adolphus says is law; and there are many cousins who are waiting for the vacant places; but the school will not stand another change of teachers."

And so it happened, that all the teachers had to yield to others that were willing to carry out the Doctor's schemes and plans.

The teacher of Languages was a student who had degraded himself, and was often found in vile company.

The Penmanship and Drawing teacher was a Lieutenant driven from the army, although he had the talents of teaching those branches. However, he loved "Tom and Jerry" so much that he could not control himself enough to keep sober until his hours were passed. The teacher of the Elementary classes was a nice young man, only a little careless. He was a teacher in Germany, and had good recommendations, but alas! he got into bad company. Professor Nelke was victorious as second commander, and he that did not obey his orders, would soon be made to do so, by means of the Professor's kind words.

The school was not as well patronized as it could have been, and in a short time only those remained who had a life scholarship. But the teachers had to be paid; and if one is constantly taking flour out of the barrel, it will soon be empty; so it was with the fund. After all the means had

been consumed, another fair was held; but it did not draw as large a crowd as the first time, for the fraud was detected.

In church the few faithful ones were also very busy, and when Spring came, they had the better class of people gathered round them. Only one more storm and the bridge would break, and the Doctor fall into the water.

Under such circumstances, the Easter ecclesiastical council met. All of the faithful ones were present. The followers of the Doctor did not put in an appearance; the Doctor and Director Nelke and several others were the only ones that came, and they seemed to have had too much of "Tom and Jerry."

One of the faithful ones was appointed chairman, a proof that they were in the majority.

This motion was made: "As Dr. Adolphus is not a member of the Synod he is forbidden to be pastor of the Union Church in Chicago, and is not privileged to mount the pulpit."

After this proposition, the Doctor felt the ground moving under his feet. However, the bridge did not fall, for it was supported by the Doctor's followers; as soon as the gentleman that made the motion finished speaking, Mr. Nelke cried out: "Blackguards," and this was the signal for a tumult. One cried this, and the other something else, and a similar riot was brought on as that of which we read in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 19.

The consequence was, the meeting had to adjourn for a week. At this meeting the same scenes were repeated, and this time the motion was made to adjourn for a fortnight, during which time both parties worked like beavers.

The day came, upon which things should be settled.

Teacher William was taken sick, and therefore could not attend the meeting. However, the party of the Doctor was in the majority; his followers came *in corpore* into the

meeting, and he entered with a pistol in his hand, evidently to frighten his opposers.

After the meeting was called to order, the motion that the Doctor should leave the church was again taken up. Prof. Nelke asked for the floor, and said :

"You blackguards, out with you ! Where is that William ? That coward knew that the revolver was here to shut him up, that's the reason he didn't come !"

The chairman knocked on the table with the hammer, but without avail. Then the signal was given, and the tumult began. "Out with you ! Out with you !" one of them cried, "or we'll demolish everything in the church."

After William was informed of the results, he said : "The next time the bridge will break, you may depend upon it."

"It would be best if you would not come to the next meeting," one of them said ; "for the Doctor has made up his mind to kill you."

"Well, I will risk it. I am very sorry that I could not be present at the last meeting."

After two weeks another meeting was held. The beginning was as usual ; only a few of the faithful ones came, for some had given it over as lost ; also the Doctor's followers were not so numerous as before.

After the meeting had been called to order, William made the motion to elect Mr. Bock as chairman by acclamation.

The motion was seconded, and accepted.

The chairman took his seat, and one could read on his face that he was willing to have order.

"I thank you, brethren," he said, "for the confidence that you have put in me, and I hope that those recent scenes will not occur again ; and I will make everyone that acts disorderly sit down or leave the room. Let us act as gentlemen."

William made the motion to vote either for or against the proposition made by one of the members, and that with ballots. This motion was accepted.

The Doctor leaned against a pillar, for he was as pale as death, and as for Prof. Nelke, he would willingly have started his old tactics, but he feared the chairman.

The ballots were given out and gathered ; everything was as quiet as the grave. The first ballot was a "no," then followed a whole string of "yes," only twice was this string broken with a "no ;" all the friends, except Prof. Nelke and several others, voted against the Doctor.

After the last ballot was read, the Doctor left the room ; and his bosom friend, Mr. Nelke, soon followed him.

After they were gone, the chairman said :

"Now, brethren, we are finished with these fellows. I think they led us by the nose long enough."

The other things were soon settled, and everything went on peacefully. The motion was now made to write to the Synod, for them to send a suitable minister at once.

After the meeting adjourned with song and prayer, the chairman came to William and gave him his hand, saying :

"Let us be good friends. If I have done wrong, then forgive me. I, as well as others, was carried away by the powerful sermons of the Doctor. My friends and myself have watched the coolness with which you have taken things, also at the beginning of this meeting, I have admired your sagacity, for you thought that you and your party could only conquer if the followers of the Doctor were forced to vote against or for him."

"Yes, that is what I thought ; but I am astonished at the result. I thought we might win by a small majority, but almost all of the Doctor's men voted against him. However, it is well ; there is only one more hard fight, and work,

and I look to you for help; and that is, to clear the Augean stable of the High School."

"Certainly, here is my hand; we will and must make everything clean!"

Well pleased, all went to their homes.

But before we close this chapter, we must look at Doctor Adolphus and see how well he can swim.

The Doctor went home, and Prof. Nelke accompanied him. These two men were really true friends, for one needed the other.

How well the poet speaks of such:

"Friendly souls do always find
Themselves, by land and by sea."

"What next?" asked Doctor Adolphus, after they arrived in the parlor. "I could never have believed that my friends would desert me in such a manner. They are worse than our enemies. Great God, how is it possible! What can be done, Brother Nelke? Must this miserable schoolmaster come in our way?"

"You gave him a call, and ought to have left him where he was," his bosom friend answered. "That fellow knows more than all of us, and with that he is so calm, as if he had no gall in his stomach. I shouldn't wonder if he won't start up the school."

"We must keep him from that; it is fine that the trustees mainly consist of lodge members," said the Doctor.

"But," was the answer, "the schoolhouse stands on the property of the church. The church will take possession of the premises and then—we are undone."

"Well, we must get to work at once. To-morrow morning the school must be ours by all means. I will preach in the Aula next Sunday. I will advertise it, and then we shall see who wins the battle," said the Doctor.

"If we are not fooling ourselves,—for the people are the same; to-day Hosanna, to-morrow, Crucify him! We will be able to keep ourselves above water for a time, but as soon as we give out, we are lost. Teacher William was right: You will drown, and I with you! I am well off; I can give music lessons, but for you it is very bad. However, good night, Doctor, and to-morrow morning to the work! We must win this fight."

The next day the following appeared in the papers: "Next Sunday Doctor Adolphus will preach in the Aula of the High School, and after the sermon a 'free thinking' congregation will be organized. All are invited."



11. HOW THE DOCTOR CAN SWIM.

The Sabbath came; it was a lovely day, and as it was Whitsuntide, the church was crowded to the utmost. A young minister had been sent on this occasion, who was somewhat timid. It would have been better had the Synod send an older minister; however, they could find no other one at present.

Doctor Adolphus had the "Aula" decorated, and a choir was invited. All of this was done to win the hearts of the people, and to organize a "free thinking" congregation. However, he did not make out the bill with the inn-keeper, for the ecclesiastical council handed in a protest. When the Doctor arrived with his Nelke, he found several policemen there, who forbade him to enter the aula. Some people had gathered at the door, with whom our hero went to a hall and preached on the text, "The just must suffer much." But they could not organize a free church.

The seats of the Union Church were all occupied. Teacher Habicht was director, and played the organ. The song that echoed through the house seemed to be sung by angelic voices; it was grand, when the whole congregation joined in the song:

"Come, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

"Great Comforter, to Thee we cry!
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of Love!
Send sweet anointing from above.

"Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love,
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

"Far from us drive the foe we dread;
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside."

The teacher thought that he never heard so beautiful a song; everything that could give comfort to the heart could be heard therein. The church was again brought back to its former shape; for one long Winter it had, so to speak, been imprisoned.

"The right hand of the Lord is exalted;
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly."

This was the spirit which pervaded every one in church that morning. The minister mounted the pulpit somewhat bashful; at that moment he felt that he could not speak what his heart and the heart of the people expected. His text was taken from John 14: 23-31, and his theme being the 27th verse: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither be afraid."

This verse was in itself a sermon for that poor congregation. He spoke well, and especially accented, "My peace I give unto you." He explained "that the peace which the Lord giveth, is altogether different from that which the world giveth," etc.

In the afternoon of this beautiful Sunday no one wished to stay in the house, and a little company gathered at the house of Mr. Orlin, and after a light repast, they went to Lincoln Park.

It was different at the house of the Doctor. Prof. Nelke was with him all afternoon, and tried to comfort him.

His poor wife was sitting on a chair with a little baby on her lap crying; his oldest daughter pressed herself tightly against her mother, and he—was weeping also.

Yes, he was weeping. They were not "crocodile" tears, but real tears, caused by the misery he had brought upon himself and family. However, this was not the repentance which no one regrets, but the repentance which causes death. It was a Judas' repentance, for he knew only too well how mischievously he had played his game, and to know that he had lost, was what brought the tears to his eyes.

If he would have turned and asked God to forgive him, he would have become a different man, and he could have accomplished much with his excellent talents, but he did not think of that.

"How could it ever come to this?" he murmured. "Why was I such a fool as to let this miserable scoundrel come from the East!"

"Dear husband," his wife said, "you are the only one to blame, for it was through your doings and through your ways that this misery has been brought upon us all. You tried to serve God and also serve the world. Why did you join in with the enemies of our Church? Oh, turn, turn; it is not too late!"

And turning to Mr. Nelke, she said: "You also are to blame for this, for you followed him. What he said and did was right in your eyes, instead of you telling him what was wrong."

"Hush, wife!" the Doctor cried, "you don't know what you are talking about, for you don't understand our life. Fool that I am, to let myself be conquered through the tears of my wife, and to cry with her as a little baby. Up! Up! Adolphus; up, to begin anew!" Then he added, "Leave us, wife; we must consult what to do instead of having old women around crying."

After Mrs. Aolphus left the room, the Doctor said, "Now let us talk as men. What must we do to make life for this accursed school teacher as weary as possible, and to keep the

school? We must have an influence over the Germans of this city, for our future depends wholly upon them."

After discussing for a time, they concluded to try to keep the school in their possession, and continue to organize a "free thinking" church. The hall in which the Doctor preached in the forenoon was in their hands. They could make use of it whenever they wished. They also concluded to publish a weekly paper, under the title, "The Free Altar," and as Prof. Nelke's son was a printer, they would try to establish their own printing house, etc.

However, when Mr. Nelke arrived Monday morning to begin school, he found all of the trustees consulting how the school could be managed in a better way. The children were all sent home. Dr. Adolphus was called. Mr. Bock was appointed chairman; he opened the meeting with an address, in which he said:

"As the Union Church has another minister, and as the school is standing on the premises of the church, we must find a way to keep up the school, without harming any one."

They agreed to keep the school open, and have all the teachers to resign, and appoint new ones. The Doctor and Prof. Nelke were opposed to this plan; but in vain; for majority rules. Prof. Nelke resigned at once, and his resignation was accepted. And the Doctor? They politely told him that he was only pastor of Union Church; but since he was no more, his office as trustee also had expired at the same time when he gave up his office as pastor in that church.

Then the last hope failed him, and he had to look for something else that would keep him from drowning.

His "Free Altar" was published, in which one could read everything that ought not to be read, and in a short time it was found in most of the non-Christian families. The paper would have brought him a snug little fortune had he only led a different life; as it was, he kept sinking, deeper

and deeper in the mire, and several years after he had to stop its publication.

On Sundays he preached in the hall; he organized a "free thinking" congregation, only in name, however. He married people, baptized, and held funeral sermons, and had he had not fallen so deeply he could have easily supported his family.

His wife fought against the bad habits of her husband, but to no purpose, and the worst happened; she fell into her husband's way and habits.

By giving the school into the hands of different teachers, the congregation thought William and Mr. Habicht would certainly take a place; but both declared that they would not have any one to say, that they worked against these men for their own benefit. William told Mr. Bock, who wanted him to take a place in the school: "Try and get good teachers; for me the Lord will provide; for I would much rather fight hard for my living than have any one saying I was working for my own interest."

After consulting for a time, an experienced schoolmaster who applied for a situation, was chosen as director, and the appointing of other teachers was left to him, and in this way the school began to flourish.

William however still possessed great influence over the school as well as over the church, as they always asked his advice on matters of importance.



12. THE DOCTOR DROWNS.

Dear reader, we must again lead you back to State street, into the room where Mr. Wendel met his horrible fate.

Seated around a table are all of our old friends, Mr. Blumenthal and his wife, Mrs. Aurora, and several other pretty girls, that were present the first meeting at the house of the Doctor. The Doctor's handsome maid-servant, the Doctor himself, and the never-failing Prof. Nelke, as he now calls himself.

The Doctor was sitting between his maid and Mrs. Blumenthal, while Mr. Blumenthal was chatting with two other young ladies. They did not save money, for the wine was flowing very freely.

While all were having a jolly good time, and the Doctor was in the act of kissing his maid, a man entered, and going directly to the Doctor, said to him :

"You have plenty of money for drinks, but none to pay your debts. I think it is time for you to pay for the coat you are wearing."

"Sir, how dare you ask a payment of me, a man who is far above you in learning and refinement! I say, how dare you dun me in a public place. You will receive your money as soon as I get ready to pay it," the Doctor said.

"Well, well, my dear sir, as you were never at home, I had to hunt for you, and I would be pleased if you would pay me now. I would then trouble you no more."

"Hush!" cried the Doctor; "or—"

"Or? well, what about that or? I told you that I would keep still if you would pay me, and not before."

The Doctor arose and walked to another corner, and while Mr. Blumenthal was asking the man to keep still, the Doctor passed through a secret door into the play room. The others were pleased to see the man's embarrassment, who

stared as if the earth had opened and swallowed the Doctor alive.

After a short time they were all gathered around the gaming table. Dr. Adolphus had his last five dollar bill set upon one card. He won. The Doctor always put some of his winnings away, and now being winner of almost one hundred dollars, he stopped playing.

His friends looked at him with surprise.

"Stopping already?" asked Mr. Blumenthal.

"Yes; I need this money, for to-morrow I must leave Chicago for the far West, to seek my fortune."

"Very prudent, very wise," his friend added.

They left off playing and came down stairs. Soon several left the place. The front door was now locked, and the whole crowd retired into the privacy of a back room, where all restraint and etiquette were put aside. But just when their misbehaviour reached its height, the doors were thrown open and several policemen entered and arrested them.

With revengeful thoughts the Doctor awoke the next morning in jail. He asked for an interview with the jailer. The jailer soon came, and seeing the Doctor, he said: "How in all the world could you fall so low?"

This man was one of his best friends, and it was good that he was watching that night. For he and all of his friends were dismissed, only the inn-keeper being punished.

Dr. Adolphus' wife had waited for him all night; and the next morning, upon receiving her daily paper, she first found out where he was staying. She waited until noon, but he did not come, evening came, and yet he did not appear.

She began to make inquiries, and so she found out that he, in company with the maid, had left the city for the West.

The unfortunate woman received, by the aid of William, money to go home to her parents, which she did not do, but followed her husband.

* * * * *

Several months have passed away.

William accepted a call to a country school; near his school was a Theological Seminary, so he was able to take private instruction in Theology. One Saturday William visited his friends in Chicago, and naturally enough, he stayed at the house of the happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Orlin.

The little girl had grown up, and was the pet of the house. She was very glad whenever William came, for he always had an apple or something in his pocket for her.

To-day our friends were visited by another gentleman, a fellow-countryman of Mr. Orlin. He was a merchant in Wyoming, and came to Chicago to buy goods.

After William was introduced to him, he enquired about the West. "Have you also a German church out there?"

"Not yet," was the reply, "although a German minister arrived there not long ago. He came from Berlin, as he said, and his sister is with him. He is a splendid speaker, and the place in which he preaches is always crowded. He understands how to keep the attention of the people, especially the ladies. My wife is altogether taken 'up with him.' He lives in my house with his sister. A building lot has been presented to us, and as he is a Prohibitionist, our American citizens have promised us help."

While the gentleman was relating this, William took up an album which was lying on the table, and turning the leaves, he asked:

"What is the name of the minister?"

"Riedelmeier," was the answer.

"Riedelmeier?" asked William; and showing the picture of Dr. Adolphus to the gentleman, he asked, "Is this the picture of the Pastor Riedelmeier?"

"Yes, that is his picture; do you know him?"

"Do we know him? Well we should say so."

The young man found out all about the Doctor, and what sort of a demon he was lodging.

"Have you not a picture of the so-called sister of the Doctor?" asked William.

Mrs. Orlin looked in a little box which was standing on the table. "Yes, here is one," she said.

William showed it to the gentleman, and asked: "Is this his sister?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, my friend, she is not his sister, but his concubine," said William.

"Has he never spoken of his wife?" asked Mrs. Orlin.

"Yes," he said, "that she is yet in Berlin, but will soon come."

"My dear friend, take my advice, and go back to your home as soon as possible, for I fear, that before you arrive he will be gone with your wife," said William.

The next day the man left Chicago; and several days after a letter came, stating that Pastor Riedelmeier left Wyoming, being identified by the young merchant as Doctor Adolphus.

Again several months passed, and one day a rumor was spread that Dr. Adolphus had come back to Chicago; and he did arrive, as traveling agent for a liquor business in St. Louis; and he should have done well.

The Union Church recovered slowly but surely, and today, as I write this, it is one of the largest congregations in Chicago.



II. DIVISION.



THE CITY MISSIONARY.





1. THE PREPARATIONS.

Between Elmwood and Addison, two little villages near Chicago, there stands a pretty little house. Wild grapevines were climbing up the sides, while in front a garden added much to the beauty of the place. This was the residence of William, and in this lonely place he was happier than in the large city of Chicago. His heart's desire was to spend the rest of his life in this retired place; his wife also had that desire.

However, strange things will happen, and all our desires cannot be satisfied.

The teacher's family lacked nothing; they had plenty of good friends, for even the Professors at Elmhurst, as well as the students, came to visit William, and he was well liked among the farmers, who, after receiving spiritual blessings, did not stand back in doing their share in giving earthly things. However, William's best friend was the agent of the Tract Society, a real child of God, and this friend, in the month of May, paid him a visit.

William told him of his plans, but he was not pleased with them, and plainly told him so. "All that is foolishness; no good will come from it; you are one of the elect, and I want you to be a minister. I have a place for you. You know that I am an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church, and a German church will soon be erected near. I have drawn the people's attention to you, and you can easily pass your examination, and then after having a congregation you can settle down."

"Surely, my dear brother D., you mean it well with me and with my family, but I think it is best to stay where I am. If we have an English teacher, and thus organize two classes, we can accomplish as much as the schools in Chicago.

There are plenty of children here, for in the last session I had 96."

"If you are not mistaken, and even if you have all the old ones on your side, there are some that think differently. There is nothing as uncertain as having a position as school teacher. More than that I do not wish to say."

"We must change the subject, for Professor B. is coming."

After the guest arrived and was welcomed, William's wife called her husband and guests for lunch.

As they were sitting around the table, enjoying a good cup of coffee, and the well-made rye bread; the Professor said to William:

"Well, Brother William, I think, after Fall, when you have made your examination of the students, and your term is up, you will do no more teaching, but preach the word of redemption to mankind."

"I thought of the same thing," said his friend D., "for God has called him to the ministry."

"I am not thinking of such a thing," William answered. "I would rather remain a teacher, for I feel myself at home in school, and don't care for the ministry."

"That will come," the Professor remarked. "When I first began to preach I was somewhat afraid, too, but to-day, I can't do anything else; I must preach the Gospel. Don't be afraid, my brother."

"Afraid? I never knew what fear was. I am accustomed to speak to the people. In Germany I was leader of certain parties, and spoke almost in every political meeting," William answered.

"I am glad to hear that. I received an invitation from O. to preach there next Sunday, as the minister took sick. I would be glad to see you take my place."

"I will, under one condition."

"And that is?"

"That you go along and introduce me, and criticise my sermon, for before some one corrected it, I would not like to hand it to the faculty to criticise."

"I will accept this condition," the Professor said.

"I be, permit it, in your band
The third; here's my hand,"

friend D. remarked, "for I also would like to hear our friend's first sermon."

After having finished their lunch, they went into the garden for a walk, for William's friends remained until evening.

William's wife and children listened with great interest to what the gentlemen said, and after they departed, little Marie said: "Papa, I wish I could hear you preach next Sunday."

"I, too," shouted the oldest daughter Julia.

"I think you had better consider it well before you take that step," said his wife. "We have arranged everything well, and now we should have to move again."

"I think as you do; however, I can preach Sunday, that will not make me a minister."

The following day William took his Bible in hand to look for a text. He looked for a long time without finding any. At last he said to himself, "Those verses that are opposite each other, when I open the book, I will choose for my text." He opened to the 58th chapter of Isaiah. "This is what I need for my sermon," he said.

William studied his sermon all week, and wrote it word for word. Then he tried to memorize it, but he had to give it over; and a sermon that is memorized does not leave an impression like extempore. So it was best that he could not keep it in mind.

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On the following Saturday our clover leaf prepared themselves for their journey to O., a little village near Chicago.

The sick pastor was not satisfied with the arrangements which the Professor had made. He had announced it in church that Professor B., of Elmhurst, would preach for him. However, he made a sober face to a bad play.

William left the parsonage early Sunday morning, while all the rest were slumbering.

It was a beautiful morning. Dew-drops were clinging to the flowers and grass, and in each drop the reflection of the sun, with the beautiful colors of the rainbow, was visible.

"Children shall be born unto thee,
As the dew from the morning twilight."

This is what God preached to him from nature. Had he not a different sermon he would have taken this for his text.

On his way to the parsonage, his friend D. met him. He came to look for William to encourage him.

When breakfast was finished, and the church bells were calling, "Come! come!" the people came from all parts, and the church was well filled.

After our guests, in company with the pastor, who had recovered from his sickness, entered, the choir sang the choral, "Glory to God on high!" upon which the pastor remarked, "that instead of Professor B., teacher William would preach the Gospel.

William mounted the pulpit, and read the 58th chapter of Isaiah; after which a short prayer followed. Thereupon the following song:

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.

From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this, His glorious day.
'Ye that are men, now serve Him'
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!"

After the song, William read his text, Isaiah 58, verses 6-12 and 14:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou

seest the naked, that thou cover him ; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh ?

"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning ; and thine health shall spring forth speedily ; and thy righteousness shall go before thee ; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward.

"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer ; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity ; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul ; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones ; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places : that thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations ; and thou shalt be called, the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord ; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father ; for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it."

After he read this somewhat long text, he illustrated the misery on earth in beautiful pictures.

His theme was : "The labor and the reward of the true Christian." We will not insert the whole sermon, only a few points. In the first part of his sermon he remarked : "Go, ye rich, and well blessed on earth, ye that live in castles, go to those in need and want, and visit the huts of the poor and wretched. They are people as well as you, have the same privileges on earth as you, and hope to take possession of the same heaven that you are striving for. God has

given you plenty in order that you can help others with your own means. Give thy bread to the hungry," etc. In his second part, in which he spoke of the reward of the Christians, he said: "Believe me, friends, there is no greater pleasure on earth than to be worthy of wiping off the tears of the poor and wretched. 'Come unto me, all weary, and all who seek rest; I will give you rest.' We should do as our blessed Master has done; and this is the reward: 'Then thou shalt delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth.'"

After the sermon, and all people having departed, William dismounted from the pulpit. His friends were waiting for him.

"You have pleased me very much; your explanation was grand," Professor B. said; "and yet you tell me that you are not called to be a minister."

"That is what I said, and I don't care to be a minister; would much rather stay school teacher," William answered.



2. INTRIGUE.

"All things work together for good to them that love God," even his enemy. His friend D. spoke the truth, when he said: "That the situation of a school teacher is never certain." When William received his money from the county treasurer, he was told that he had to resign his place, as he could not speak the English language fluently. When William told his wife, she was grieved and enraged over the malignancy of the people. William, however, was not troubled; he trusted his God.

"I can't see how you could sleep so sound last night; I could not sleep a wink," said his wife, the next morning.

"Why should I not have a sound sleep? I have harmed no one; and if those people can't sleep that have deprived me of my situation, I find that natural; but we should not let our hearts be troubled as if all hope was lost; God can and will supply us with food. Does not David say, 'I was young and now I am old, yet I have never seen the just without bread.' Dear wife, just have patience; God will help us."

In a strange way William remained teacher, for as soon as it was known that William was discharged, the farmers, who were very rich in this part, rented a room, and started a private school, and had William come and teach.

This room was near the public school, and William had the pleasure to see more children come to him than to the new teacher, who was an American, and who did not understand the German language. A minister, by the name of Trebla, was totally against William, and that happened in this manner:

They were invited to the house of one of the farmers, who was formerly teacher of the *Gemeinde Schule*, and organist. They conversed on school teaching and ministry,

and the minister made the remark, "I want to buy me a horse and buggy soon, as the members live so far apart."

"I would not," said the organist, "your predecessor had none. He thought if the people wanted him, they could come for him."

"You are right in that part, but one would like to take his family to see the members, and the farmers will not send their teams on that account."

William laughed and said: "You have a noble idea of the ministry. Let me tell you, those that call the minister do not need him so much as those that do not call for him. According to my view, every pastor ought to visit those people that need no church, no redemption, in one word, the lost sheep. The members come for the pastor! Does a shepherd follow his flock, or does the flock follow the shepherd when he leads them to the pasture? The first is always the case. Or, if a hunter goes hunting, does he load his gun and stand in the window, and when the hare passes, shoots? I think he goes out into the woods to catch them."

The minister blushed, and the organist laughed heartily over this explanation.

After a while the organist said: "Well, Brother William, you have my son Adolph in your school. What do you think can be made out of this chap?"

"Let him study for the ministry; he is a quiet, diligent boy,—even if he does translate 'the pen is bad' into German, '*Die Stecknadel ist boese!*'" was the answer.

"Do you think the ministry is such a good 'business' here in America, that you advise our friend to let his son study theology?" asked the minister.

This question completely drowned the humor which William's comical translation brought forth, and William answered: "Business? Business? I never knew that the ministry was a business. That is perfectly ridiculous. The

ministry, which ennobles, a business? Why I can't find words to utter what my heart feels, to call the preaching of the Gospel, God's own Word, a business. Poor souls, indeed, who have come to that conclusion, that preaching was and is a business. They are like the shepherd of which Ezekiel speaks :

“‘Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flock?

“‘Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock.

“‘The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them.

“‘And they were scattered, because there is no shepherd; and they became meat to all the beasts of the field, when they were scattered.

“‘My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill; yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them.

“‘Therefore, O ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord;

“‘As I live, saith the Lord God, surely because my flock became a prey, and my flock became meat to every beast of the field, because there was no shepherd, neither did my shepherds search for my flock, but the shepherds fed themselves, and fed not my flock :

“‘Therefore, O ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord;

“‘Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against the shepherds; and I will require my flock at their hand, and cause them to cease from feeding my flock; neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more: for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them.’ ”

After William said this, he arose from his seat, and wanted to leave the room, but his friend caught him by the coat, saying: "Keep cool, Brother William. I have only one question. Would you, if you had a son, let him study for the ministry, after you know all the responsibilities?"

"If I had a dozen of them, and God wanted them in His service He should have them all; yet would I pray that He should free them from the thought that it is a 'business,' " was the answer.

From this time Rev. Trebla was William's enemy, and it was his work that William had to resign his position.

William was advised to continue teaching and study for the ministry, but he would not listen. He bought a home for himself and family, and he believed that his idea, to build a school on the farm, would yet be fulfilled.

He therefore sent his oldest daughter, Julia, to school in Chicago, in order that she could assist him in teaching:

But with mighty destiny
Union sure there ne'er can be.

—*Bowring.*

The cross-spider weaves her web farther and farther, till at last she catches the fly. The Rev. Trebla was like the spider. A year passed, when the farmers gave the school which William was teaching over, and left him to look for himself.

"Well, Brother William," said Prof. B. to him, "you will certainly make your examination now with the other students."

"No, I do not think I will; I do not feel called to the ministry, and I do not like to work with cowards, of which there are so many in America. Yes, if all were as faithful and true as you, these things could easily be arranged, but as it is, never."

"But what do you expect to do? I should think, as all of your plans came to naught, you would look at this as God's doings, and that God wants you in His service, and, to use your expression, clear the field of these cowards."

"What I shall do I will tell you. I leased some land from Brother G., and I will either be a farmer or gardner; and as my house is on his land, I need not sell it. I am not too old to learn to be a farmer."

On the following day William went to Farmer G., and, as it was harvest time, he offered his help.

The good old man looked at William and said: "*Dat lat man sin, mein laiv Braeuderken. Die Finger sind fehl to luetje to sun Arbet.*" (That is, Let that be, dear brother; your fingers are too little for such work).

William laughed heartily. He explained the circumstances to him, and asked him to rent thirty or forty acres of land to him, that he might raise herbage for the Chicago market, and to teach him during harvest time. The old gentleman at last consented, and said: "*Wenn denn absolut wat daun wist, denn koennst du diesen Haver binnen,*" (that is, If you absolutely wish to do something, you can bind these oats.) Early the next morning William set to work; he soon got the "hang of it," and the work went on finely. At ten o'clock he had a great number of sheaves tied, and as the sun was very hot, he began to stack them up. At noon his friend G. came, and he was surprised to see that William had tied so many the first morning.

However, at twelve his arm began to swell, and in the evening it was so thick that his shirt sleeve was about to burst.

His wife and children asked him to stop, but nothing could persuade him to do so, and in four days the work was finished. For this he received fourteen dollars. It was dinner time when he had finished, so he sat down to eat his din-

ner. While eating, a strange feeling came over him; he was disgusted.

While in this mood, he saw some one come near, and who else would it be but his friend D., the agent.

"What in the world are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm binding oats."

"You binding oats! Is there no work for you to do; have you no work that you can serve your God in?"

"No, Brother D.; if God could have used me, He would have left me alone as school teacher, for the Word must also be taught to the children."

"Shame on you to murmur against God! I will tell you: the society for which I am agent requested me to look for a man who would and could be city missionary in Chicago and for this you are called. To-morrow morning we will leave for Chicago, and I will introduce you to the leading men.



3. THE COMMENCEMENT.

The following morning William rode to Chicago with his friend D., and he was taken on trial for a month. His duties were to go from house to house with books of a Christian character, and to teach the people the ways of truth. He also had to make inquiries whether the family belonged to any church; if not, invite them to join. He was especially ordered to leave a Bible in those houses where none were, if necessary, without pay.

The first day he was overloaded with books, printed in different languages; and from the amount he sold he should have one-third commission. Let us follow him as he strolls through the streets of the city. For a long time he did not care to enter any house, but, at last, he took courage, and knocking at the door, a young lad opened the door saying, "We don't buy from peddlers."

"I am no peddler. I would like to speak to your father or mother."

The boy let him in, and in a short time a lady entered the room.

"I am a city missionary, and have some books and also Bibles to sell, and those that are not able to buy them, I should present them with one; and I am to find out if the people belong to church or not; if not, to ask them to join."

The woman listened till he got to this point, then she cried out: "Leave this house; we do not belong to those dummies that believe that there is a God."

William wanted to say something, but when he saw how angry the lady was he left the house. He would much rather have thrown everything into the corner, but he did not belong to that class of people; he thought how he could make it a success. At last he concluded to visit his friend Mr. Orlin. Arriving there he was heartily welcomed, and as it was

dinner time, he was asked to partake of dinner with them. William told him everything, and how it came about that he is now agent. His friend had to laugh—but laughing will not help it any.

“You must look up your friends, and those infidels that you know, for they are ashamed to say much. Let me see what kind of books you have.”

William showed him the books. He took about half a dozen, asked for the price, and gave William three dollars and twenty-five cents, saying, “Now, if all your friends help you, you can easily support your family, and if you remain in the city over night, come here to us; we have a room for our old friend.”

As Mr. Orlin had to be at the court house, he bade William good-bye.

The next place William went to was a bakery, where many people were present, helping the baker’s wife celebrate her birthday. All sorts of people had been invited,—believers and unbelievers, socialists and atheists, Jews and Jewish proselytes. William was cordially welcomed and asked to spend the afternoon.

“Under one condition,” he said.

“And that is?”

“I am a city missionary and have a lot of books on hand, which I am to sell. Now, if each one will buy a book, I will stay.”

“Certainly!”

In a short time William made fourteen dollars. Several gentlemen, however, did not buy books; therefore, he took out some pictures which he had in his portfolio and showed them to the gentlemen.

“Look,” said he to a son of Abraham; “here is something for you; you are a Hebrew, are you not?”

“That is a fantasy,” was the answer.

"I will admit that it is a fantasy, yet the artist has thoroughly studied the situation of your Moses; just look at it."

"That is nothing for me; even if I am an Israelite by birth, I am an Atheist, and only believe what common-sense teaches me," and looking at William with a keen eye, he asked, "What do you think of Voigt?"

The guests gathered around the two men to hear the discussion.

"What I think of Voigt? I suppose you mean that man who set forth the theory that man descended from the monkey? If it is he whom you refer to, why, I'll let you have the pleasure to believe that you came from the monkey; as for myself, I believe that I am the image of my God. And I repeat it, if you are contented with the thought that you descended from the ourang-outang or wild-man, as he is called, or from the chimpanzee, be assured, I shall not rob you of the pleasant thought."

A great laugh followed this repartee, and one of the guests said: "I could have told you that he would give you that answer before you asked him."

After dinner several piano solos were given and songs sung, one of them being about a heaven where beer was plentiful. After he had finished, the performer asked William how he liked the song.

"How do I like the song? That may be all the same to you, but I don't believe there is a heaven where beer is kept."

"Well, each one has his own ideas of heaven. The Turk believes heaven to be crowded with beautiful women; the wine-drinker believes it full of grape-vines."

"And the beer drinker thinks that heaven is full of beer kegs," said William.

"Certainly ; and the people that call themselves Christians, don't know what heaven is like, they have no idea," the good fellow went on.

"What's that ? Why, man, you talk like a blind man that wants to tell the difference of colors!—You must admit that love is the most precious thing which we possess."

"Well, yes; but what has love to do with heaven?"

"Have patience. The Bible tells, 'that we shall see God as he is,' and 'God is Love.' Yes, the heaven of the Christian is love, love in the highest degree."

"Yes, if you believe that, you are right; that is a new theory to me," said the gentleman.

However, the young Israelite was not satisfied with the triumph which he got before, so he asked William :

"Where did Cain take his wife from, that he married in a strange land?"

"My dear friend, what you are asking is not in the Bible. Cain did not marry in a strange land. Mrs. N., please let me have your Bible a moment."

The lady handed him the Book, William gave it to the young man, saying, "Please find the place where it reads: 'Cain married in a strange land.'"

He took the Bible, and turning over leaf after leaf, at last he looked in the Revelation of St. John, to find about Cain.

"Why, my friend, you have never read the Bible before, or you would certainly know where it is written about Cain."

William took the book and opened it to the 5th chapter of Genesis, verse 6, and read: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden; and Cain knew his wife, and she conceived, and bare Enoch." "Is there anything said about Cain taking a wife in a strange land? Evidently he had taken his

wife with him, and there she got her first son ; and as Adam had sons and daughters, it is certain that Cain's wife was his sister ; otherwise it could not have been. And if you wish to continue the fight, you must first study the Scriptures ; and please accept this Bible as a present." He accepted it, and also promised to read it.

After supper several other guests arrived, amongst whom was a lawyer. He had been listening to the conversation, and he thought he would challenge William, so he said :

"Friend, I take you to be an educated man. Can you believe the miracles of the Bible?"

"Why, yes ; can't you?"

"No, because they don't coincide with common-sense, and fight with the laws of nature."

"Against nature ? Why, in nature you are surrounded with nothing but miracles."

"Oh, no ; in nature everything takes its regular course."

"If that is the case, then solve this problem. Nature cannot bring forth plants without seed, and yet there is no seed without a plant. Which was first, the seed or the plant?"

"Most surely the plant."

"Certainly ; but where did this plant come from, if not through a miracle?"

"I do not know that."

"But I know it ; the plant came into existence by a miracle of the living God."

As William had to leave, for he did not wish to stay in Chicago over night, and trains do not wait for passengers, he made himself ready for his departure, when one of the guests asked him :

"Tell me. I am a socialist ; will religion be fit for the future and for the State which we shall build?"

"Do you believe that you are able to build a State and teach it your ideas?"

"Certainly!"

"Then Christianity is also fit for your State; for religion has nothing to do with politics, and Christ says, 'My kingdom is not from this world.' Well, good night, ladies and gents; I am pleased to say that I have enjoyed myself very much. Good night, all."

This was the first day as city missionary of our teacher William, and it certainly was a happy one.



4. VARIOUS MEETERS.

When William arrived home that evening he found a neighbor present, who brought amongst others, a basket of cherries for a present.

This man was a true Christian. When he found out that William was now city missionary, he came over and bought some books to enlarge his library. As the neighbor departed he said :

"Don't forget to bring me a pocket Testament, for mine was stolen to-day. The fellow must have thought that I carry my pocket book in my coat pocket. I bet he made a long face when he discovered his mistake. I would not mind it if some one would steal one every day."

"Why?" asked William.

"Well, the thieves might read in them and be converted."

"If that were the case, I would not mind to lose one myself."

After the neighbor departed, William and his family betook themselves to rest. On the following morning he again rode to the city. All fear was gone. He went from the station to Wabash Ave., having resolved to first visit the rich, and in the afternoon his friends and the poor.

He rang the door bell of many a beautiful residence, but as the maid-servants responded, he had to leave without getting a chance to show his books. He thought he would try it once more, so he entered a fine looking house. This time he was welcomed, not by the servant, but by a handsome young lady, who asked him what he desired.

Without a word, he opened his portfolio and showed the young lady his books. She looked at one, and then at another, at last she took up a little book, with gilt edge and

morocco cover, entitled, "*Thautropfen*," and asked in an ironical way :

"What is this?"

"That is medicine for you."

"I am not sick."

"No, your body is sound, but your soul is ill."

The young lady looked at William. A deep shadow came over her face.

"How must I take this medicine?"

William took the book and opened it to the day of the year and read: "God is just," and remarked that there was a drop for each day in the year; "the drop for to-morrow is: 'The fountain of God has plenty of water.'"

"'God is just;' how precious. I did not know that that verse was in the Bible. 'The fountain of God has plenty of water;' also very instructive; do you think my soul would recover, if I would take this book?" she asked, and a large tear dropped from her beautiful dark eyes.

"If your soul is sick."

The lady gave William a five dollar note, and as William was getting ready to change it, she said:

"Keep that. You have a family, and you can use the rest for that purpose;" and as she gave him her hand, she said: "I wish you much luck."

William was happy, and so was the young lady that bought the book. He now went to the west side of the city. He entered the house of the shoemaker, whom he met at the house of Doctor Adolphus. He was working diligently. A man, with his son, who was waiting for his boots, was also present. William told him that he was now city missionary, and showed his books. The shoemaker bought several, and when William asked if there was a Bible in the house, the stranger said: "Look here, sir; all the Bibles in the world

ought to be burnt and the preachers set on the top of the burning mass."

"By all means!" William answered. "You certainly know nothing about the Bible, or those that you call preachers; please take this card on which the ten commandments are printed, and when your son gets older, let him learn them."

"Such nonsense my son shall never learn."

"You say, the ten commandments are nonsense? 'Honor thy father and mother, that thou mayest live long upon the earth which thy God giveth thee.' Is that nonsense? Let me tell you, sir, that son of yours will give you a whipping when he is older."

"Oho, I guess I will have something to say to that."

"Certainly you will; but when this takes place, then remember that I told you so."

The gentleman took his boots and left the house.

William now asked the shoemaker about the people in the neighborhood, and departing, he went to a saloon. As he entered, he saw four men playing cards. One of them got up, but William said: "Stay sitting. I do not want anything to drink. I am going to bring you something," and saying this he handed each one a book. They put the cards aside, and began to read.

"What is the price of this book?" asked one of the men.

"Forty cents."

The man reached in his pocket and gave him the change.

"And this one?" asked the saloon-keeper.

"Sixty cents."

He went behind the counter and got the money, and paid William, saying: "It is warm; take a glass of beer?" William accepted the offer, and on leaving the room, he said: "I hope you will derive some benefit from those books."

On this evening the faithful ones gathered at the house of Mr. Orlin. William was requested to lead the meeting.

The question to be discussed was: "How and by what means can we support the city mission?"

This question was put before the people by Mr. Orlin.

"I think," said Mr. Orlin, "that we accomplish little or nothing by just visiting the people and ask them to join the church and selling books. If we would do good, we must have money and also distribute provisions among the poor and sick. We can first make use of the Word of God after we have done all in our power to help the poor."

They concluded that each and every one should make inquiries in their neighborhood, and let William know where he was needed. A collection was taken up, and Mr. Orlin appointed treasurer; after this they all joined in an "Our Father," thereupon they sang the Te Deum:

We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Thou source of Life and grace!
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race!

Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign!

To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

The prophet's goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fullness of Thy rest.

The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;

The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

Throughout the world Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,—
Brightness of Majesty divine,
Who every power hast made!

Among Thy number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood;
Reign here, and in the world above
Thou holy Lamb of God!



5. THE NEW PLAN IS CARRIED OUT.

When William arrived in Chicago the next day, a young lady met him at the depot, who asked him to please to go along with her, as in her neighborhood a man and wife were sick abed and needed help.

He went along, and arriving at the house, entered. There he found man and wife afflicted with nervous fever, and a little child playing with the cat on the floor.

William took a seat beside the bed, and asked about their circumstances.

The man told him that when they came from Germany, for a long time he was looking for work, but could not find any, and on account of not having proper food he was taken down sick. His wife had attended him day and night, and the doctor, who had a kind heart, begged of the neighbors food for them. Yesterday his wife was taken down sick, and this brought more misery upon them.

"Would it not be best if you would go to the hospital?" asked William.

"The doctor thought it best too, but my wife will not leave me—now she is sick herself, the good soul." While saying this large tears rolled down his cheeks.

While talking, the doctor entered; and as William had made his acquaintance before, he was warmly welcomed.

They concluded to take both to the hospital. William took charge of them. He hurried to the hospital, and obtained a certificate of reception; and getting an ambulance, he hurried back to the house. They were carried down a small stairway, and put into the ambulance. The lady was delirious and did not know what was taking place; the child screamed, and clung to William's knees until kind neighbors took it with them, after William had promised to call for it in the afternoon. Having arrived at the hospital and every-

thing being arranged, William entered the department in which the Germans were.

Oh, the misery! Men, women and children, all down with some more or less dangerous diseases.

While walking through the different departments, he saw a young lady, with a strikingly beautiful face.

"Are there Germans in this department?" asked William.

"I am a German myself," she answered.

William, upon asking several questions, found out that she had been confined more than twelve weeks. He asked the doctor, who was just passing through the room, what ailed her.

"Nervous fever," was the reply; "but she belongs to those that can be removed; however, he doesn't know where to go, and she is too weak to work."

William promised to find a place for her, where she could remain till she was able to work, and after giving books to some of the sick, he left to look for the child.

What should he do with it? was the question he had now to consider.

The neighbors that took the child were members of the Rev. Manhart's church, and a newly erected Orphan Home was under its direction. So he took the child to this place, and the matron was quite willing to keep the child and get the permission afterward.

It was getting late, and William had not eaten anything. Good as Mr. Orlin's plan might be, if it kept on like this, he would be obliged to give it over; yet William was happy, for he helped to wipe away tears. From the Orphan Home he went to Mr. Orlin's. As he entered the room, Mr. Orlin said to him: "What has happened to you, Brother William? You look so happy."

William told him what he had been doing during the day.

"Mrs Orlin, can I get something to eat, please. I am as hungry as a bear; had nothing to eat since six o'clock this morning.

The lady set to work and prepared lunch for William.

"What shall I do with that poor girl, Mr. Orlin?"

"My wife needs help, but if she is too weak, she had better go on the farm." Then after a moment he added: "Why, look here, Brother G. could take her for a time."

"Surely, I will speak to him."

The same evening William, with his wife, went over to their neighbor G., and having explained the circumstances to him, he consented to take the poor patient until she was able to work. On the following day Mr. G. went after the girl and brought her to his pleasant home. She soon recovered, and while the rest were working on the farm, she made herself useful in the house, and every one liked Louise.

William rode to Chicago every day and visited, and in a short time he heard that the sick husband and wife had recovered.

He helped the man to get a good situation, and they were soon able to take care of themselves and of their child.

A month had passed and nothing of importance happened, when one Sunday afternoon Mrs. G. paid a visit to William, her mission being of a peculiar kind.

"I beg you," she said, "to get another place for that girl."

"Why, has she done anything wrong?"

"No, not that, but she is so good looking, and my sons may be tempted; therefore, I would that she leave my house as soon as possible."

William would have said something, but he knew with whom he was dealing. The lady, although good in other re-

spects, would not like to see her rich sons marry a poor servant girl.

"Well, send Louise over to-morrow. I will take her to the city."

After the lady departed, William said to his wife, "Beauty is not a blessing to a poor girl. I believe Louise is a good girl, and G. is rich enough to make her happy, if one of his sons has fallen in love with her. But the 'almighty dollar' destroys many a persons happiness."

The next morning Louise came to William's house. She had been crying.

"Was it so hard for you to leave?" he asked.

"Not that as much as for the cause. You can believe me, I have given them no occasion to cause suspicion, and as I am only eighteen years of age, I don't think of getting married. Her sons behaved as gentlemen whenever I was in their company, and I can't be angry at them; but I hope that I will soon find a place in the city."

"I have a place for you at Mrs. Orlin's."

On the same day Louise went to Mrs. Orlin. She worked diligently and was obedient. She had very little education, but through careful study, she soon acquired all she needed.

She had a great influence over the child of the unfortunate couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wendel.

The Bible hours were held regularly, and the best scholar was Louise. One day she asked William if he would not take her along when he visited the sick, for Mrs. Orlin would have no objections, after the work was done. But when the lady was asked, she simply said "No," and as she thought, had good reasons to forbid it. This did not please Louise, and one day when William was at the house, she said to him, "I will soon leave here, and I wish you would help me to a place where I could wait on the sick."

William told this to Mr. and Mrs. Orlin, and asked them for advice.

Mrs. Orlin thought that the girl would not suit her, as she had not a strong constitution, and she also apprehended that there were other motives besides love for the sick that prompted her to seek such a position.

"Then, tell us what you apprehend," said her husband. "I cannot believe that the girl has any other motives than to sacrifice herself for the benefit of others; for it is not an easy task; and I don't think ambition is her motive."

"Believe what you will, you always say 'women have Argus eyes.' Well, believe that we have such eyes. I might be wrong, and I hope I am. I believe it will be the best for Louise, if she leaves our house, although I like her; for then she will be able to earn more money, and have more liberty than she has had. She can still make our house her home. There; now let me alone, I will say no more."

The next day William went to the hospital, in order to get Louise a situation, which he succeeded in doing. He took her to her new place, and when William left, she said, "Please come now and then, in order that I can attend to my soul as well as to the sick."

"I will do that, for there is nothing on earth more precious than to teach the Word of God."

After several days had passed, William called on Mr. Orlin and told him about Louise.

"There, now, I see that my apprehensions were correct. The heart of a woman is inscrutable!" said Mrs. Orlin.

"What are you talking about again?" asked her husband.

"You will soon find out," was the answer.



6. CHICAGO IN FLAMES.

The hot Summer had passed. William was patiently and diligently working at his hard task.

Louise was well liked by all, especially those on whom she waited during their illness.

Julia, the oldest daughter of William, was promoted to the High School. She lived near the hospital, and in her spare time she would visit Louise.

In the latter part of Summer it was very hot, and in a quarter of a year not a drop of rain had fallen. Of the 60,000 buildings that were in Chicago at that time 40,000 were frame houses, and the streets were paved with blocks.

No one thought of anything else but of the harvest, for the prospects were good; they little thought that their prosperous city was doomed. Several times the fire alarm had been given, but the brave firemen soon had the flames under control; and those houses that were burned down were soon replaced by new ones. But on the 7th of October, 1871, while the people were preparing to go to rest, they were suddenly driven out of their homes by the fire which was sweeping through the streets, to find shelter on the prairies, while more than 200 were either smothered or burned to death.

William went to sleep on that dreadful night in the parsonage of the Ev. Reformed Church, which stood on Desplaines Street, as he was to preach there the next day, on account of the minister's absence.

At eleven o'clock at night he woke up, and seeing a bright flame, he quickly dressed himself, and ran out into the street.

The fire was in the neighborhood, on Canal Street, a short distance from Van Buren. It started at a carpenter shop.

The wind was blowing tremendously, and the fire was spreading toward the north, bringing destruction and ruin to everything it came in contact with.

In the short space of two hours an area of more than twenty acres was in flames. The whole district, which was bounded by Clinton Street on the west, Adams Street on the north, Van Buren on the south, and by the river on the east, was soon one solid mass of flames.

More than their lives no one had saved, and they understood what Schiller said, in his Song of the Bell:

Burnt to ashes is the stead
Now the wild storm's rugged bed.
In the empty window panes
Shudd'ring horror now remains,
And the clouds of heaven above
Peep in, as they onward more.

Upon the grave where buried lies
His earthly wealth, his longing eyes
The man one ling'ring moment throws,
Then, as a pilgrim, gladly goes.
Whate'er the fierce flames may destroy
One consolation sweet is left,
His loved ones' heads he counts,—and joy!
He is not e'en of one bereft.

—*Bowring.*

William only had a few hours' rest all night, and in the morning he was to preach. He studied his sermon carefully, but that slipped from his memory; he had even forgotten his text. However, he opened the Bible to the 113th Psalm, and took for his text the seventh and eighth verses: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."

Thoughts came to his mind faster than he could express them in words. It was a sermon of comfort to all; and

after he had ended, several of the members came to him and congratulated him. In the afternoon William and his daughter went to the hospital, in order to comfort the sick and the poor.

In the evening the regular meeting was held at Mr. Orlin's, after the meeting was over, they spoke of the fire of the previous night, but no one thought that this was only the prelude to the great destruction which should yet occur.

When William left the house to take the night train to Elmhurst, he was detained; the fire bells again told that the fire was not quenched. The stable of a Mr. O'Leary caught fire, and in a moment all the surrounding houses were in flames. The fire went one block farther than the church in which William preached last, to the starting place of the previous day's fire, and it was feared the fire could now be quenched.

Yet while they were in hopes that the fire could not proceed for the want of material, the most unexpected thing happened.

The element, which was checked in its northward course, turned to the east, and that which never before had been recorded, took place—even the river could not hem it in; for a piece of burning wood was carried across by the wind, which fell on the roof of a house, and in a moment large clouds of smoke and fire were rising into the air. Again the fire bells gave the alarm, and a cry of horror arose from the lips of all who came from the south side as they saw the fire on the west, for it cut off all return to their homes.

The engines forced a way through the crowded streets, which added greatly to the excitement. William hurried through the Washington Tunnel to the south side, to the book store of the "Tractat Gesellschaft," for which he was working. As no wagons could be got the books were taken to the lake shore on wheelbarrows.

On the way he witnessed the most fearful scenes. On Clark and Lassalle Streets, near Van Buren, were the lowest places of the city, and no sooner had the houses caught fire, than these people ran half naked into the streets, just in time to save their wretched lives. To these the harlots of Jackson and Wall Streets gathered, and while the fire was taking its course, the thieves and criminals made use of the opportunity by robbing the saloons and private houses where they suspected money and jewelry would be found.

The fire now took its course toward the Court House, in which were 150 prisoners, who were set free, after being almost frightened to death.

The fire came nearer to the lake and crowded the people into the water. Several boats took them up and sailed from the shore, and then threw out the anchors.

Next morning the north side began to burn, and on the 9th of October six square miles were a smoking ruin. At 9 o'clock William was set on shore, and he arrived at his home at midnight.



7. AMONG THE RUINS.

The next day William rode to the city again, although he would have rather stayed at home; but he thought it his duty to work in this time and not be idle.

It was a dark, foggy morning after the dreadful night of the 10th of October. The north wind was blowing furiously over the smoking ruins, though a heavy rain had put a stop to the fire.

Words cannot describe the scene which presented itself to the spectator.

The people were beginning to comprehend what they had lost. Few saved more than their lives and the clothes they wore.

William went to the south side, where the book store of the "Tractat Gesellschaft" stood. The beautiful marble halls and residences, which seemed to have been built for eternity, were thrown down level with the earth.

Here and there the naked walls of an erstwhile church towered sorrowfully into the air.

Only with difficulty could a person make his way through the ruins. William stopped when he came to South Water Street. Here the merchandise, which came from distant countries, was either covered or destroyed. Fine wines from Burgundy, and from the Rhine, and all sorts of fruit, tea from China, coffee from Japan, and costly goods from the East—nothing could be saved, and only a rancid mass of smoke ascended in the air.

Nothing but the four walls of the Court House were standing. In this place "Themis" had her meeting only a few days before, who had a large number of scribes employed, in order to keep the city and county machines moving. This place was now a prey to the raging fire, and the

howling wind played and sang its own strange melody through the ragged walls.

South Clark Street presented the same sights—nothing but destruction and ruin.

The Post Office in the distance appeared as if the fire had not touched it, but when William came nearer, he saw that his eyes had deceived him. Everything within was destroyed.

The Tax and Loan Association occupied the second floor of this building. This part was built on iron pillars, which were fastened to the lower building with iron bolts. It was built with fire brick, and at the time of the fire there were \$2,130,000, of which \$300,000 were in silver and gold, in this part of the building.

When the fire took hold of the building, the bars melted like lead, and the building tumbled down with a crash.

Another building, constructed similar to the Post Office, was the *Tribune* building, where the *Daily Tribune* was published. While William was walking along from place to place, he saw several men at work putting up signs and removal notices. "Inexhaustible spirit of enterprise," he murmured to himself, when suddenly he heard some one calling: "Hello, Professor, which way?"

He looked around and saw a friend of his, who belonged to the Union congregation. He was a wine dealer, but the fire had destroyed nearly all of his property, so he set to work to build a hut with what boards he could find.

"What are you doing?" asked William.

"Well, the fire has destroyed everything, and I lost all except my house, which is on the southwest side, so I made up my mind to put up a hut, for the workmen will surely be hungry and thirsty while taking these ruins away and cleaning up; and as this is the place where my sample room stood, I will put up a shanty and deal out beer and wine, and my

wife will fix up lunches. I have no time to think of my loss, for that would only make things worse."

While yet speaking, his wife and a half grown up girl arrived with baskets.

"Now, Professor, sit down and we will have a dinner."

"Sit down? I guess so." They soon had things arranged, using stones for a table and stones for seats.

"People with such patience and energy cannot perish," thought William. And he was right, for in a few years' time he had his business "moving" again. After finishing their meal, William departed. He went toward Wabash Avenue.

On this street the Tractat Gesellschaft had its book store, but William could not place the building; everything was desolated.

The trees, bereft of their leaves, which surrounded the "Corso" of the beautiful garden city, were standing pitifully erect. Everything was destroyed!

Where is the beautiful Michigan Avenue, the "Fauburg St. Germain, Chicago?" The ruins answered the question.

The places where the Sherman and Tremont houses, the Clarendon Hotel, that giant building which was first finished and built by Ogden, and occupied a block, the Palmer house, and a great number of others, all were destroyed, and only the smoking ruins indicated their whereabouts.

Have patience, dear reader, for as I write these scenes come back to my memory. and I must fain put these on paper.

Before William went over to the west side, he took a look at the southern part of State Street, where, near the rich Nabobs, vice had set up his kingdom; where they were celebrating the feast of Bacchus just as the fire was breaking out in the neighborhood, and all ran half naked into the street. How changed the scene appeared.

They were just a work taking the dead bodies out of the ruins. The most of these people were a curse to mankind, but who shall throw the first stone? Are not those also responsible that make use of such places?

On the north side it looked like a desert, for though not as interesting a sight as the south side ruins, it made the heart feel sadder, for the homes of happy families stood there, and now only one house was untouched, and this was the residence of one of the richest men in Chicago, M. B. Ogden. While the houses and huts of the workmen, and the churches of the city were totally burned, the house of this millionaire was not even as much as scorched.

The north side was exclusively inhabited by Germans. There were no marble palaces and emporiums of commerce in this part of the city, only poor German workmen, who had built up their humble cottages, and to these the loss of their homes was intolerable.

To the rich, hands and pocketbooks were opened; but no one seemed to care for these poor Germans. By hard work they had earned every cent they possessed, and now they were ruined. But they would not beg; the ambition to have homes of their own gave them courage, and they worked.

Thousands of the people wept, not only because all of their means were taken from them, but the remembrance of happy days pressed out a tear, even from the coldest heart. William went from group to group, and brought comfort to many hearts, for he knew the most of them.

It was late when he left the place of horror, and went to his friend Mr. Orlin, as his house was on that side of the city where the fire had done no damage. Many of the old friends gathered there, who had lost everything; for Mr. Orlin told them that as long as his house stood they could find shelter in it.

With great calmness they counseled as to what could be done for the good of these poor people.

After they had partaken of a frugal supper, William asked the blessing and read the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah:

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How she is become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

"She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she has none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies," etc.

William explained how this had been the case with Jerusalem, and as it was later again build up, so shall it be with this city, he said; therefore let us not put our hands to the plow and then look back, but let us work on, right on, as long as it is day.

At the close they sang:

"Jehovah reigns: His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty:
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

"His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

"Thro' all His works what wisdom shines!
He baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

"And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my song with angels join,
Heaven is secure, if God is mine."

8. ON THE PRAIRIE AND IN THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

It was midnight when William arrived at his home near Elmhurst. He rehearsed in his spirit the experiences of the last days. He had been in war, and cholera epidemics, in dangers by land and sea, but the worst of all that he had ever seen, was the fire in Chicago.

As he approached his humble home, his daughters came to meet him. The oldest one, Julia, had come home, because the school at Chicago had temporarily been closed.

"Guess, papa, who came to us," said Marie.

"No, my dear child, I can't guess, and we shall soon be at home, then I will find out who came," William answered.

After they entered the house, William was welcomed by a large, robust man. He remembered him, for he was a member of the Union Church in Chicago.

"I come to you, my friend, as I have lost everything, even my wife and child," he said; and large tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Be of good cheer. Tell me your misfortunes. I hope that you are only separated from your dear ones, and that we shall find them again," replied William.

After the man rested himself a little, he began to tell his story. He had charge of the bridge on Randolph Street, and was away from his people during the day. On Saturday he had the afternoon free, and this chance he took to buy a house on the southwest side. He took all of his deposits out of the bank; the sum of which amounted to \$1,200. When the fire began on the south side, his co-worker and himself opened the bridge so that the fire could not cross, but at midnight the bridge caught fire and the men had to save their lives by swimming to the shore. He was looking for

his people all day on the prairie, but could not find them, and then made the distance to William's house on foot.

For several days William and his friend had very little rest, and took but little nourishment, while seeking for the missing wife and little one. Alighting at Park station the next morning, they left the train and went toward the north. After walking about a half hour they met a crowd of prostitutes, who were camping in the fields. Wagons with provisions had just arrived, and the food was being handed around. Large fires were made to cook it, while some thought it best to eat their victuals uncooked.

Our friends went through the maze looking for the lost ones, but they could find no trace of them. As they came near the lake shore, William was addressed by a weeping man: "O teacher, come into my camp, my wife is dying."

William entered, and after his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness of the room, he saw a lady lying on straw, and several others standing around. The woman only gave one look to her husband, then said: "Come, kiss me, and then fare thee well!"

The man fell upon his knees beside the sick woman, and as he kissed her she expired.

The lady called her husband "Itzig." One can easily conclude that they were Israelites, but the women standing around were not of that people.

Oh, how does want and misery teach man to love his neighbor! After the man rose, a noise was heard.

"What is that?" asked William.

"Oh, my wife was taken down sick on the same night the fire broke out, and she gave birth to a little girl," he answered.

"Where is the child?" William continued. One of the ladies took the child, a pretty, black-eyed girl, and gave it to William. "I will take it with me, for here on the prairie it

would perish, and you can call and get it any time you wish, for you know where I live, in Elmhurst, Dupage county."

"God bless you for that," said the man, and sat down on the ground by his dead wife's side.

The reader will remember that there was an Israelite whom William met at the birthday party, who asked William what he thought of Voigt? This was the same man, but he was now indeed a different person in the full sense of the word.

When he left the tent, his friend waited for him, and as they passed through the crowded streets, a little girl came running toward them, crying out: "Papa, dear papa!" and in a short time the father pressed his dear child, whom he thought dead, in his arms.

"Where is mama?" he asked.

"Don't know," the child answered. "When our house began to burn, mama told me to run out on the street; that she would soon come after me. She wanted to take the money. I ran out on the street. Mrs. L. took me by the hand, and we ran away. We went over the bridge to the north side. I was crying for mama, but I did not see her."

"Oh, my dear little Theresa, let us hope that we may find mama alive," he said, and then taking his child, which was about five years of age, by the hand, they went to the south side. There he wanted to leave the child at present till he went home. It was noon when they arrived at Mr. Orlin's, and as they entered they found them at dinner, and they were invited to partake of it with them, which they gladly did. William gave the little babe to Mrs. Orlin. It was fast asleep; she put it into a warm bed, and the adopted daughter had to get some milk for little Theresa.

After they had eaten, William said to the man: "I am going to the county hospital; will you go along? We may find your wife there."

He consented; they wanted to leave little Theresa with Mrs. Orlin, but the little girl begged so that she was allowed to go. It was well that the hospital was no more than about a mile and a half away, for to ride there no one had a chance.

What misery! The rooms were crowded with people! Louise met our friends, and said that for three days she had had no rest.

William and his friend went from room to room. Most of the patients were burned and much disfigured, therefore William asked, "Is Mrs. M. here?"

In the last room a weak voice was heard, which said: "That's my name."

The man and his daughter pushed themselves through between the beds, falling upon his knees beside the bed of his wife, he took her hands, but could not utter one word, for the greatest joy is known to be silent.

After he had composed himself his wife told him what had happened. She had taken the money and run into the street, and looking around for her daughter she could not see her, because the lady had just turned the corner with the child, and while trying to follow them her clothes caught fire. Rolling on the ground she tried to extinguish the flames. The people passed by, some even stumbling over her, and she was unconscious of what happened farther until she found herself in the hospital under treatment. The woman was fearfully burned, but the physicians hoped that she would recover, since the wounds had not gone too deep.

"The money either burned or got lost," she said.

"Never mind that," her husband answered; "let us hope and pray that God will spare your life, then it is well; for we will begin anew."

Late in the afternoon they departed. William went after the little Jewish girl at Mrs. Orlin's.

William's wife, Julia, was sitting near the window when they arrived.

"Papa, what have you in your arms?" asked little Marie, the youngest daughter of William.

"Guess once."

"Did you bring my doll that I gave to the little Orlin?"

"Oh, no; no doll, but a live one."

He told them he came to get the little babe. His wife took care of it, and it was good that she had some clothing for the little girl. She was one of those women that save all such trifles, even if she did not need them herself.

"Papa, what is the baby's name?" asked Marie.

"I think we will call her Ruth."

"Ruth,—why that's a Jewish name."

"Surely, my child, the baby is from Jewish parents."

"A Jewish child? Well, we will have it baptized and then it will be a Christian."

"But the father will come and get it again."

"Oh, it's too bad that it doesn't belong to us. Has it no mamma?"

"Her mamma died."

"Poor thing, you have no more a mamma."

A good supper was prepared, and after they had finished, William read the 103rd Psalm:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy distress;

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

9. MEETINGS BETWEEN THE RUINS.

The next day William went alone to the city. Arriving there, he went through the tunnel on the west side, and so reached the ruins on the south side of the city. He went towards the lake shore where they had stacked up the books. Here he met the clerk of the company, who was busy looking through the burned books. After they had greeted each other, William asked: "What are you looking for?"

"I would like to save some of the half-burned books in remembrance of the fire, but I can't find any."

"Does not that box yonder belong to the company?"

"Sure; that's a good find."

They set to work to examine the contents, and found that most of the books were yet in good condition.

They were works of a religious character, and written in German. After having assorted them, the men set to work to bring them to the headquarters of the company, a church on Wabash Ave. Arriving there, they found the first consignment of books from New York. The desks were all fixed, so that everything was in order by noon.

William took his portfolio and went his way.

He did not go to the part of the city that was undestroyed, but as Jeremiah who was among the ruins of Jerusalem, so he walked about the ruins of Chicago.

His lamentations were not heard, for a joyful spirit came over him. He knew that sorrow could do no good in such cases; he felt as George Neumark, who said:

*Was helfen alle schweren Sorgen,
Was hilft uns unser Weh und Ach,
Was hilft es, dass wir alle Morgen,
Beseufzen unser Ungemach?
Wir machen unser Kreuz und Leid,
Nur groesser, durch die Traurigkeit.*

While walking along and looking about, a man, who was covered with dust, and who had a division of men working under him, called to William. He looked up, and knew at once who it was—the teacher of Doctor Adolphus' High School, who taught the primary classes. The poor young fellow also saved nothing but his life, but with admirable energy he set about the work, and having more knowledge than the rest, he was made foreman.

"Is it not so, Brother William," he said, "a schoolmaster is capable of doing any kind of work, if required, even to take away the ruins of a city?"

It was now dinner time, and they went to the saloon-keeper of whom we have spoken, to eat it. Then William divided out his books.

"We have other business to attend to than to buy and to read books," was the remark made by one of the gentlemen.

"I know that," William answered, "and I did not say that you should buy one. Those that want one may have it free of charge."

"We can't use that trash."

"Well, my friend, I believe this to be exactly the thing you need in your trouble. Here is a whole package of Testaments;" and he gave each one a copy.

"You must not forget to read them when you get home," William said, as they went to their work, and William went back to the north side with his empty portfolio.

On his way he met an acquaintance, one of the young ladies that he met at the house of Dr. Adolphus, and who was also present when the unfortunate officer, Von Wendel, shot himself.

As she was walking along, she looked down as if looking for something.

William recognized her and addressed her: "Which way, my dear miss? Has the fire also made you homeless?"

"Ah! 'tis you, Brother William. Yes, the fire has visited me. I lost my home, and probably, also, my sister. My parents are dead, as you know."

"How did it happen? But that you can relate to me later on. Next, excuse the question: Have you shelter?"

"No, I have spent the nights on the prairie. I was going to look for a place to-day."

"Well, my dear miss, I think it was the will of God that we should meet, in order that I can help you to a place, and that you may again take part of the fruits of Christianity."

"I hope it may be so, but where will you take me?"

"To Mrs. Orlin."

"I'll go along; why didn't I think of her at once. She also belonged to those that were attached to the Doctor, but found him out before I did. I know that she will shelter me for the present. In a short time I will have a nice little home, as my father's property is coming to me."

They soon arrived at the house, and received a cordial welcome, and after supper the girl, we will call her Theresa, told us her sad story.

"It was midnight, when my sister and I were disturbed in our sleep by a strange noise. 'Great God!' we cried, as we jumped out of bed. The fire was in our neighborhood and it came nearer and nearer to our place. 'Are we in danger?' we asked ourselves. We saw how the people were crowding along the street, crying and swearing.

"The whole city west and southward was in flames. Where were the fire engines? Why do we not hear them? A knock at the door made us aware of our dangerous position. 'Get yourselves ready! Pack your trunks and be ready to leave the house at any moment. The fire may not come this far, but it's best to be ready.' It was a friend from the south side who came to warn us of the danger which we were in.

"We looked at each other; our faces were pale.

"A sick relative was in the other room, he was insane, and excitement must be hindered. If we called him, what would be the result of this calamity? We agreed to wait till the last moment. We packed several valuable things in a trunk, and then watched the fire, which was constantly approaching.

"A strange sound came to our ears; then for a moment the crowd on the street was still.

"Did it thunder? No, the sky was clear and the stars all shining brightly; we shivered at the thought; it was an explosion; as we were watching the sparks of the powder, which were falling as rain, heavy knocks at our door told us that we had no time to lose. 'Call Charles. Don't leave him in his room one moment longer,' I called to my sister. 'I will try to save our birds.' My sister ran to wake Charles, while I ran down stairs. How it grieved me as I went through our parlor. On one of the tables lay the Bible of my deceased father, printed in 1637; upon another some of my valuable books. Which should I take? First I picked up one, then another, and then threw them down again. 'Resi, give me a cracker,' my old polly cried, and this gave me consciousness again. I will save you, my pet, if it cost my life, I said to myself; but I could not carry that large cage. I looked up and saw my little canary bird. Quickly I opened the window and left it fly, and put the parrot into the little cage. This way I rushed out on the street. What a sight did our beautiful Elsie Street present to me! As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but a waving, approaching blaze, like a large mass of fiery demons. There was no wagon in which we could entice Charles to enter, although heavy wagons passed us which were laden with people and articles of all kind. There was no hope nor help for the

valuables of the people. What we could not carry we had to leave behind.

"Just as my sister left the house with Charles, who was quiet, I also left the house with polly and a bag, in which I had some money and jewels.

"Our friend at last came to our help. He and my sister were carrying a trunk, while I was trying to get Charles to follow us.

"‘Come,’ I said to him, ‘let us go.’

"‘Where to? I am not going, what’s the use?’

"I urged him onward; I begged him, cried, threw myself upon my knees and asked him, but he would not move; he wanted to go back into the house.

"I held him back, and begged him to run and save his life, but all in vain; he stood there like a rock, while the flames were coming nearer. The clamor of the crowd was something terrible to behold, and my clothes began to burn. I did not know what to do. I took Charles by the arm to pull him along with me, but what is the strength of a girl? Then further shouting and screaming was heard, and more crowding as a wall fell. I was pulled along with the crowd about a block. Charles had disappeared.

"How I passed the rest of that night I do not know.

"I went on, looking about for Charles, but without avail. Three hours had passed of which I could give no account.

"Faces passed me which I knew, but they seemed as if they were dreaming, black and disfigured, with an expression which only the greatest agony could cause. At last morning dawned, and as the sun arose, I arrived at the prairie, and while looking around for my sister and friend, a strange sight opened itself to me,—Charles was in front of me, looking almost careless at the things which were taking place.

"‘Did you think I was such a fool as to let myself burn?’ he asked me. He found shelter in a farm house near

the city. He is also taking care of my polly. But of my friend and sister I have neither heard nor seen anything, and I fear they must have been killed."

"I do not think so," said William, "she has certainly gone with her friend to the south side, and may be looking for you. Let us rest for to-night, to-morrow we will look for your friend and sister."

William remained in Chicago that night.



10. ONCE MORE IN THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

When William entered the dining room the next morning, Mrs. Orlin told him that the young girl had taken sick, and had sent for a doctor. While they were at breakfast the doctor arrived, and after a short time he returned, saying the girl would have nervous fever and must be taken to the hospital as soon as possible, as one could not expect to give the right kind of treatment in such a time as this. William hurried to a friend of his for horse and buggy, which he willingly let him have.

The disease was already in its first stage.

"It's burning! Come Charles, come!" she cried.

Mrs. Orlin tried to hold her, but she pushed her from the bed. Then being exhausted, she fell back upon her pillow.

William wrapped all the covers around her, and with the aid of Mrs. Orlin, put her into a large blanket. He then took her on his arm and carried her into the carriage, and seated himself beside her, while the coachman made the horses run full speed to the hospital. But as William had no certificate from the county authority, they were unwilling to accept her; but when William had explained to them how things were, they let it pass. Two nurses were called, who carried her into a large hall which was especially adapted for those afflicted with typhoid fever.

On enquiring about Louise, William was informed that she was also down with nervous fever, and in the same room in which Theresa was to be brought. As he followed the nurses along the rows of beds he saw that there was only one more that was empty, and it stood beside the one in which Louise was. In this bed they put Theresa.

After everything was arranged, William took a seat between the beds. He took hold of Louise's hand to feel her

pulse, when with a frightened look she uttered some inarticulate words, and began to sing, not loud, but very plainly :

“Jesus, I come to Thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is Thy cross,
Here at Thy feet I lie.”

“Should this be an omen of death?” William asked himself After a short time she began again :

“O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O Paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.”

Again she opened her eyes, and William asked her :

“Do you know me, Louise ?”

“Yes, I know you. I knew that we would meet in heaven.”

“In heaven? We are on earth yet, dear girl.”

“On earth yet?—on earth yet? Can’t be !”

After this she again fell into a restless sleep.

Theresa was also sleeping, and her pulse was beating very fast.

William watched them both attentively. Both were beautiful, though of different types. Louise was a Northern girl with blonde hair and snow-white complexion, heightened by the unnatural flush of fever upon her cheeks. Theresa was dark and of a genuine American type. Her hair was cut after the fashion, short and curled. Her skin was somewhat transparent, like wax. Her cheeks also were red from the fever.

It is true what David says: “Man is like unto a flower upon the field,” “beautiful as a flower!” William thought. “But the other is also not less true, ‘If the wind passes over them they are no more, and their place cannot be found.’” The storm wishes to destroy these pretty flowers.

William left the hospital to bring the news of Louise's illness to Mrs. Orlin. He loved the girl as a father loves his own, and he said if she should recover he would take care of her and be a father to her.

After Mrs. Orlin heard the sad news, she said, "I told her that she was too weak for that work; but it may be well if God calls her home."

"Why?" William and her husband asked.

"Spare me of giving an answer. If she should die I will keep the secret to myself," was the reply. So the others had to be satisfied with the answer.

After dinner they went to the hospital.

As soon as they arrived, another victim of that dread malady was brought, and William knew at once that it was the sister of Theresa.

He asked that she be put in the bed beside her sister, so that he could see all three at the same time, and if they should recover, comfort each other. The bed beside Theresa in which an elderly lady was laid, was pushed to another part of the room.

After opening her eyes, she recognized her sister. Her features brightened.

William went to her and asked: "Do you know me, miss?"

"Certainly,—how did my sister come here?" asked Augusta, as we will call her.

William told her where and when he met her, and that she first took sick this morning, and was brought there by him.

Augusta wanted to waken her sister, but William forbade her, and told her not to excite herself, as she needed rest.

"I will not get sick, for I have found my sister; the anxiety for her made me sick. The doctor thought I would get nervous fever, but I am sure I will not." She said this with

great confidence, and as she looked so calm, no one doubted her words. William called the doctor and explained these things to him, and upon further examining her, he affirmed what she expressed.

* * * * * *

A week after these happenings we find part of our acquaintances gathered around the beds of Louise and Theresa. Augusta was not seriously ill, and had carefully attended her sister and Louise with great love and care. It was evening, and both physicians "had given them up." This was expected to be their last night. They were lying there as if death had already entered, but close observation proved that their systems were desperately fighting with death. At eight o'clock most of the friends left the room, William and his daughter and Augusta only remaining.

Shortly after he went down into the apothecary's shop in the hospital, and found one of the physicians, and asked: "How long do you think the girls can live?"

"Louise two hours, Theresa somewhat longer."

"Are you certain that their nature is not strong enough to conquer this disease?"

"I do not think so. Louise's constitution is delicate, and Theresa has lost considerable during her sickness. Nevertheless, nothing is impossible for God."

"Doctor, please give me a little sherry—Madeira—wine for the sick."

"That might keep death away a little longer."

"Or help them over the crisis. I had a friend in Germany who often used it with great success."

"I will give you what you asked for. It matters nothing if death comes an hour sooner or later; they will certainly die."

William took the wine, drank some of it himself, and went back into the sick room. The hot temperature of the

fever had left, but their pulse was irregular and slow. William comforted them, directed them to Him who had prepared a place for them. He then mixed a little wine with water and gave it to Louise, and then to Theresa, and both drank very quickly, for they were thirsty, as they said. Julia, William's daughter, and Augusta went into the front room to take a nap, for nature required it. William remained with the sick ones. They slept as soundly as a child in its mother's arms. He could scarcely hear them breathe.

"Will they slumber into eternity?" he asked himself. He prayed for the lives of these girls. Why? Was it not better to pass from this life into a better one? The time passed away slowly, the most of the sick slept, and the nurses had all gone to bed.

Midnight passed, and they still slept on. Their breathing was more regular. It struck one—two—three, still they slept. The critical hours were passed. At four o'clock the doctor who had spoken to William came up. He motioned to him to come to the bed, and felt their pulse, then looked at William and said, "The crisis is over; they will recover. I begin to believe in miracles. How much wine did you give them?"

"One tablespoonful, with water mixed."

"One spoonful? I would never have permitted that, if I had been here."

"But it helped."

"Yes, helped—wonderfully."

"I have wrestled with God in prayer for them."

"They will recover, whether by the power of your prayer or of the medicine, I know not; God knows." After saying this he left the room. As the morning dawned, and the sun poured his rays upon the sick, Louise awoke. At first she knew not what to say.

"O how peacefully I have rested," she said.

Shortly after Theresa also awoke, and asked for something to drink, which was brought her.

Julia and Augusta were called, and were glad to see that they were rescued from death.

As it was Saturday, William and his daughter returned to Elmhurst to rest over Sunday.



11 A SUNDAY IN ELMHURST.

Let us lead you, dear reader, out of Chicago to the beautiful city of Elmhurst.

Several weeks have passed away, and Winter has again made its way through and covered the earth with its white sheet.

It was the second Sunday in December, when William was able to be at home with his family. He had preached almost every Sunday in the church on Desplaines Street, but to-day a minister was to preach his trial sermon, and in this way it happened that William had this Sunday to himself.

Louise, Theresa and her sister, Augusta, were at the home of William on a visit. At nine o'clock they made ready to go to church, which was about two miles distant:

The weather was lovely, the sun was shining from the cloudless sky, and on the trees ice crystals were hanging, in which the rays of the sun were reflected. It was a beautiful Winter day.

The farmers came from all directions, with their families, some with sleighs and some with wagons, all going to the same place to which our merry wanderers were going.

It was grand to see so many people assemble in church, and William felt somewhat proud of being father, as he seldom had a chance to go out with his family.

"Papa," said his little Marie, "it was much nicer while you were school teacher, for then we always went to church together."

"Yes, my child, you are right; but we must take things as they come, for 'tis God's will. If we had everything our own way, it would not be good. But I think I can be with you every other Sunday, as next Sunday the election will take place, and the congregation will have a minister, and then I shall have more time."

The bells commenced to ring, inviting the people to "Come." In a short time they reached church. William's opponent was yet minister of this congregation, but that did not hinder them from coming to hear God's word, and as his subject was the second coming of the Lord, they listened very attentively.

"The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,—
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

"The Lord will come! A dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!"

These were the closing words of the opening hymn, and they touched the heart of the city missionary, so that he in his heart sang the next verse:

"While sinners in despair shall call,
'Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!'
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, 'The Lord has come!'"

After the service our friends made their way home to their little cottage, where his wife had provided a regular country dinner, consisting of eggs, ham, bread and coffee, as it does not require much time to prepare. His wife was not altogether satisfied with such a dinner, but when she complained, William would say: "If you are tired of eating eggs and ham, why, for a change, you can eat ham and eggs;" and she had to be contented. After dinner they agreed to go to the seminary and attend prayer-meeting, but as they were getting ready, little Marie cried out, "Papa, look at the sleighs!"

They looked out of the window, and to their great astonishment saw more than half a dozen sleighs.

The friends were welcomed by his family and himself.

Besides the other old friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Orlin, several of the members of the Desplaines Street Church also came along. They brought with them happy hearts, and their cheeks were flushed from the wind, making them look like blooming red roses.

After the horses were taken care of, they went into the room. The ladies took their baskets and went into the kitchen and made a fire, without saying a word, while the gents were busy in bringing bottles into the room; and while the girls were setting the table, the gents began to put the bottles on it, and one of them said:

"Just like in Germanie, 'an't so?"

William and his wife looked on without saying a word. The food was soon on the table, and the two fine turkeys looked too tempting for anything.

William and family were invited to dine with their visitors. The young German that made the remark before could not help repeating it:

"Surely, just like in Germanie, mit die exception of die durkeys," he said.

"Brother William," said one of the visitors, "next Sunday you will preach a trial sermon, as it is the wish of many that you become our pastor."

"Dear brother, that will not do, as I do not belong to your Synod, nor to any denomination, and your church would much rather choose one out of its midst."

"Maybe, but we think, as you do not belong to any denomination, you can join our Synod, and we know it will certainly accept you as a member."

"This proposition comes too sudden; we must leave things as they are for a while, and if it is the will of God that I should be your pastor, He will smooth the way; if not, He will draw a fence around it."

During this conversation dinner was finished, and as the weather was fine, they agreed to take a sleigh ride. Of course, this was their main object, for all took part except William and his wife. After all had departed, William asked his wife: "Well, Hans," (he always called her Hans when alone,) "what do you think of that motion; would you like to be a minister's wife?"

"I would much rather stay where I am, although it would be best for you to get settled down, in case they should choose you, and we could be more contented, for we could look into the future with greater confidence, and we would be more together."

"You are right. Well, next Sunday I will preach my trial sermon, and as the members know my order of preaching, there can be no trial sermon, but I will tell them what they need, and if they can stand it, and choose me, then, certainly I'll accept the call."

The afternoon passed quickly, for soon the happy crowd returned, and after all had taken a cup of coffee, they departed.

"Farewell!" they all shouted.

"Sure, just like in Germinie," the German shouted back to William.

"We hope that in a short time you will be in our midst again," said Mr. Orlin.

"Good-bye, pastor!" cried a young girl. Then everything began to get quiet.

"To Chicago again," said Julia and Marie, "we are glad of it."

"Oh, we are not there yet, girls," said William.

"Papa," said little Marie, "Mrs. Orlin and all our friends said if you should be pastor at the Desplaines Street Church they would all join, that would be so nice."

"Children, we must leave this to the Lord."

12. THE VOTING FOR A MINISTER IN THE DESPLAINES STREET CHURCH.

The next Sunday William went to Chicago to preach his trial sermon. He worked it out and memorized it well. At the station, several friends met him and accompanied him to church. The whole church was filled. After the first song, "Alone glory to God in the highest!" was sung, and a chapter read, William gave out the choral:

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

While the congregation was singing the last verse, William mounted the pulpit. His text was taken from Matth. 5; 20-26:

"For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter the kingdom of God.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

"But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee;

"Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

"Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

After several words of introduction, he took for his subject: "Thou shalt not kill, but love; for he who does not love, kills."

"What a strange subject," thought the German who was at William's house Sunday before.

He was right to think that, for the sermon was no trial sermon, neither was it intended for one, but it was suitable for the Sunday, and for the condition of the congregation, for unity and brotherly love were strangers in that

church. William also thought, "If they cannot hear the truth they shall not have me for their pastor." Let us take a part from the sermon.

"You have heard that it was told to them of old: Thou shalt not kill; but whosoever kills, she shall be in danger of the judgment. Surely, we have also learned this same passage from childhood up, as children in school; and I think that we have really fulfilled this command, and if we read of murder in the first and second degrees, we are like the Pharisee, throw our head back and say, 'I thank thee, O God, that I am not like this or that one.'

"Now listen how Christ interprets this passage: 'But I say unto you, whosoever is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment; and whosoever says Raca, is in danger of the council; and whosoever says, Thou fool, is in danger of hell-fire.'

"My friends, our hands can be clean from the blood of our neighbors; but is our mouth clean from evil speaking of our brother? 'Whosoever is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment.'

"How is it with you, brethren? Listen, you can also kill with your tongue. How many hearts have been wounded with words, and are bleeding, and its blood crieth up to heaven, as the blood of the righteous Abel. The dagger which cut the wounds is hard, cold, angry words, and the murderer? He is gone, he is often a friend, the husband, the wife, brother or sister, relative, or some member of the church. These words could be engraved on many a tombstone: 'The heart I have broken lies here.' There is no judgment on this earth for such a murderer, but God will judge him. Surely, God is very strict with this command: 'Thou shalt not kill.' He does not look at the hands alone, but at the heart and mouth also.

“‘He who is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment.’ Harsh, but true words. He who envies, hates, yes, he who would much rather kill his brother than to see him enjoying himself upon this earth, he shall be in danger of the judgment. In the heart of man there is nothing but hate and vengeance. He hates his God and neighbor, and would like to take revenge for the least offense. Oh, that God might write these words deep in every man’s heart: ‘He who is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment.’

“Oh, that we could tear out the envious eyes, this tongue that robs so many of true happiness, and cut off these hands that itch for revenge, and conquer the heart that hates God and man, and learn to pray: ‘Create, O God, in me a new heart.’ ‘Thou shalt not kill, but love; for he who does not love, kills.’

“‘Therefore, if thou wilt sacrifice an offering, and rememberst that thy brother has something against thee; I say to you, leave your offering, and make friends with thy brother.’ These words are suited for this congregation. We have come before God to worship, with songs and prayer. We must prepare ourselves for an important act, for the election of a pastor, and if this election should be one with which God is pleased, we must forgive each other, and all our hate and enmity against our neighbors must be put aside. I believe this to be a hard sacrifice for you. You do not love each other as you ought, and your congregation suffered on account of it. Oh, bring this offering to God to-day and He will bless you. Has any one brought hate to church this morning,—hate toward God and his neighbor. Fight, I say, against this passion, for you are in the presence of Him who said, ‘Forgive, and you also shall be forgiven.’ Leave this nonsense in church and take home with you the blessing of the living God, that you may be able to pray, ‘Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.’

“‘While you are yet in the way with him.’ We are yet on the way, on the way to eternity, on the way to judgment and death, and all injustice and wrong can be put aside. Oh, do not delay, now is the time, now while you are in the way. Believe me, it is hard to stand by the grave of an enemy. Friends, think of the end; place yourselves in the light of eternity, throw yourselves at the throne of mercy. Forgive your brother while you are in the way with him.

“‘O love, as long as love you can,
O love, as long as love you may,
The hour will come, the hour will come
When you’ll stand at the grave and—pray.’

“But then it is too late, yes, too late, the wrong done to him cannot be forgiven by him on this earth; yes, too late. Come brother, come sister, give me your hand. My heart forgives.

“‘Let not thy wrath burn within thee;
One Christian the other love;
And if he, as his true Master does,
In him will burn the flame of love,
In which he should practice.’ Amen.”

The congregation listened attentively, and William prayed that his words might not have been spoken in vain.

Then the congregation sang:

“No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

“Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame
And nail my glory to His cross.

“Yes; and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus’ sake;

Oh, may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!"

After the song, William asked all the members to be present in the afternoon at three o'clock, as the election of the minister would take place. Then he pronounced the benediction and dismissed the church. William was invited by our German friend to dinner. We will call him Mr. Reinhard.

"According to what you preached," he said, "it is my wish that you should be our pastor; but I fear there will be some that are against you."

"Have I not spoken the truth? And if the members cannot listen to the truth, I do not wish to be elected."

"Your sermon has done me a great deal of good, for the hate which I had against several members, because they strewed thorns on our former pastor's path, I left in church. But I know some will be against you."

"We hope that the other members have also left their hate and envy in church, and even if I should not be elected I will be satisfied, for I know I have not preached in vain."

During this conversation they arrived at Mr. Reinhard's home. They were welcomed by his wife, a noble Christian, who had arrived home somewhat earlier.

At the appointed hour the members of the congregation came in great numbers. William opened the meeting with prayer, and then told what the purpose of this meeting was. Two other ministers would also have liked to serve the congregation, and William mentioned their names, and suggested that they vote for the first mentioned. But Mr. Reinhard said, "I make the motion, that we vote for our candidate William, as I know that the most of our members are in favor of him."

"We ought to elect one of our own Synod," one of the old members said.

Then a handsome gentleman, with a full beard, spoke :
"Brethren, I think Brother William has preached well, and what he said was the truth. I have left all my hate in church, and I hope many others did the same. Before we begin the election, let us forgive and forget."

After this another gentleman arose and said, "Let us first sing a song."

Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in one !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Without saying another word, tickets were given out and the votes gathered, when all except one were for William.

The election was over, and William was elected pastor.

He thanked them for the confidence which they put in him, and said that he would accept the call, if he could be taken into their Synod, of which he felt certain.

In the evening prayer-meeting was held at Mr. Orlin's house, and at midnight William arrived home.

His wife and children were pleased that they could go to Chicago again, but that night William did not sleep a wink.





III. DIVISION.



THE PASTOR.



1. TO CHICAGO AGAIN.

The sun was just peeping over the distant hills when our old friend William awoke. After he had dressed himself, and not to disturb the rest, he left the house to take his morning walk. A strange feeling seized him; he liked this little country place, and now he had to leave it. Although his financial circumstances were changed for the better, he could scarcely overcome the sad feeling.

"The last night in my own house is passed," he said to himself. "Poor heart, when will you come to rest on this earth? When can you say, I have arrived at my last station in life, most certainly when God shall say, 'Come again, thou son of man.'"

It was very pleasant weather, and the warm southern wind was blowing over the yet frozen earth. He took a seat on one of the benches near the house, and looked at God's lovely nature. Everything was taking its Winter sleep, but here and there the green grass was coming out. While looking around he saw a little flower, a primrose. Should he pluck it? Only a few flowers bloomed for William. He thought of the words of the poet, "If thou seest a flower on thy path, pluck it." He plucked it, and went into the house. The first one he met was little Marie.

"Where did you find that flower, papa?" she asked.

"In our garden. It is the first which has bloomed for us, and the last that will bloom for us here."

"Breakfast's ready!" Julia called; and they followed into the dining-room.

"O mamma, papa found a flower. We must take it along for remembrance," said Julia.

After they were seated to take breakfast, William took the Bible and read the 122nd Psalm, "A song of degrees of David."

I joy'd when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.

Jerus'lem, as a city, is compactly built together
Unto that place the tribes of God go thither:
To Israel's testimony, there to God's name thanks to pay,
For thrones of judgment, even the thrones of David's house, there stay.

Pray that Jerusalem may have peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace have still prosperity.
Therefore I wish that peace may still within thy walls remain
And ever may thy palaces prosperity retain.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll say.
And for the house of God our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway.

After reading, he made a few remarks, then a hymn was sung, and prayer spoken. Then they prepared for their journey to Chicago.

"Well, we are going back to Chicago; do you like it?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, we hope that you will; but our beautiful home, our pretty garden, with the lovely flowers, we cannot take along; and the home in which we are to live is gloomy, and not very large. We cannot be as happy as we were; can't play on the meadow and pluck flowers in the woods, this we shall miss. But even this may be for the better; and one thing we can and will take along, our God, who has kept us in His way."

"At least, we will not be parted so much. We also shall find a large circle of friends, and this will help us to forget what we have left," his wife said.

"Well, then, in the name of God," they reverently said, and went on with their preparations.

As the three girls, Louise, Theresa and Augusta had already gone to Chicago, and also the father with the little baby, which he named Esther, they could at once begin to "pack up."

William sold the place to a family in Chicago, including the cow and 50 chickens.

The cow had a little calf, and while Mary was driving them to pasture, and Julia feeding the chickens, tears came into the girls' eyes. They could not well part with the pets they loved.

Marie asked, "Papa, can't we take Bossey along?"

"No, my child, we would have no place for her."

"We should take something along," William's wife said; "your guinea fowls, or 'weather prophets,' as you call them, and our cats; these four animals we will take along."

In the afternoon several farmers came and offered to take his furniture to the city; so they concluded to leave on Thursday. At ten o'clock, Thursday morning, they arrived at Chicago, and were welcomed by their friends, who accompanied them to their new home. About four o'clock the same day his furniture came, and everything was soon arranged.

After everything was put in order his friends left, and wished them a good night.

"I think," said William's wife, "we shall have plenty of work and great troubles."

William took the Bible and read the 23rd Psalm, after which they all joined in singing the Doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



2. THE FIRST CLOUDS.

It was Saturday morning, and William was in the school-room giving instructions to children that were going to be confirmed at Easter.

He loved to do this more than anything else, for he wished to obey his Lord: "Lead my children, the work of my hands, to me." Both of his daughters belonged to this small class.

He was speaking to them of the "only comfort in life and death," and Julia had just ended her verse, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; For whether we live or die, we are the Lord's;" when there was a knock at the door. William opened and Mr. Reinhard and an elderly gentleman entered, who was introduced to William as Rev. Mann, agent for our church. William asked them to take a seat and wait until the recitation was over, or if they wished he would dismiss the class. They were willing stay till instruction was over; and this was only a pretext to find out whether William was capable of teaching the children. After he had finished he asked Rev. Mann to make a few remarks, which he did. After he dismissed the class, he asked the gentlemen to come over into his house.

After he had made his guest acquainted with his wife and children, he asked the cause of the visit.

"I am sent by the mission authorities of the Synod to see how things are in Chicago, as word came to us that Brother K. resigned his position and left for Harrisburg. Mr. Reinhard has informed me that the congregation has elected you as their pastor."

"Then you will preach for me to-morrow?" William asked.

"I did not come to preach, but to listen to your sermon," was the answer.

"You will certainly preach for me in the evening?"

"Yes; that I can do."

William asked his friend to remain all night at his home, but he declined, as he promised Mr. Reinhard to stay with him.

After the men had departed, William, as well as his wife, felt a pressure. A dark foreboding told them that the Synod was not satisfied with the election.

"I believe we would be better off had we stayed where we were," his wife said.

"It may be, but can't be changed now. We have said A, and must say B, we better trust all our things to the Lord, who knows the destiny of man."

On the following morning William arose early to memorize his sermon. The pressure which filled his heart with pain, changed to happiness.

When it was time for service, our guest arrived, and the church was almost full of people.

He who is ruled and guided by God can be content, for He will give him the right words to speak.

William did not know that this Rev. Mann was coming to visit him, and yet he chose the right text, which was taken from Matth. 7: 13-20. As the reader does not always like to refer to the Bible, we give the passage:

"Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles?"

"Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." With these words he began his sermon. He explained in his own original way, how the doings of a person are judged and condemned, —then he illustrated how the fruit can be known, and that only good, sound trees can bring forth good fruit, and how the farmer begins to clear a piece of woods. He takes fire and his ax, to destroy all the evil trees from the good soil. He finds many *moli me tangere*—touch me not, which says: "I am here longer than you are old. Let me stand, for if you do cut me down, then new sprouts will shoot forth from my roots; therefore, save all your trouble." But the farmer says: "Can't be helped; you are an old thorn bush and must be cut down; you are only worthy of being burned you 'spread a harmful shade around.'" And he destroys the whole bush.

His theme he took from the 15th verse: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves."

With these words he began the first part of his sermon. And these words made a great effect on Rev. Mann. His eyes seemed to grow larger behind his glasses, but while William proceeded his face brightened, for he thought that he was preaching this sermon on account of him; but he was mistaken, for William kept at his text. He asked: "Who is it that walks upon the broad and on the narrow way? Friends," he continued, "if a man is preaching the Gospel to you, and he himself is on this broad way which

leads to destruction, and tells you that that is the only way to heaven, do not believe him; he is a false prophet. 'Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.'

"'Leadeth.' Every man needs to be saved, and this necessity the false prophets also have, and in order to make the way of salvation easy, they lead the people from the right path to the path of destruction. God is love, how should and could it be possible that God forbade His children to have all the enjoyment that they can find on this earth? Do not follow the head-hangers, but

"Live happy—
Die happy—
For that spoils
The devil's fun.

"That is what we preach.

"They remember not that the devil also hands in his bill when the false prophets lead the people the wrong way. Surely, the gate is wide and the way broad which leads to destruction, and many are they that enter thereat. Is it not true? Look around you, see how the people run from one place to the other, to satisfy their lust. See how they dance to the measure of the music, and while this is going on, the devil rubs his hands and says: 'Keep on, my good soul, you are mine.' "

In this manner William continued his sermon.

After service was ended, William asked the elders to remain to speak to the Rev. Mann.

After William introduced Rev. Mann, he said: "If the brother has anything to say particularly, I will leave the room."

"No, no; what I have to say you may hear."

Rev. Mann was informed how the church made the acquaintance of William, and that they had chosen him on their own accord, and that it would be very unwise if the Synod would not agree to the election.

The Rev. Mann also thought that there could be nothing in the way, but William had to be examined, licensed, and ordained, and they (that is, the congregation) had to hand in a petition to that effect. He also would be present at the meeting.

After they departed, Mr. Reinhard, who was looking very sad, came to William and said: "Reverend sir, I don't know where this will end yet. Of one thing I am certain, that this man will do some injury to you. You remember asking him yesterday if he would not preach for you in the morning, whereupon he answered that he would rather listen than preach, and as I took him around yesterday he was asked if he would preach in the morning, he answered you did not 'beg' him to. What should that mean?"

"Why, he is quite a diplomatist. I did not 'beg' him, as he expressed himself, that is true. I thought the asking was sufficient."

"But what now?"

"Don't worry, my friend; God will provide. Without fighting it will not pass; but through the battle to victory!"

In the evening the mission agent preached on the first Psalm, and he spoke words worthy of reflection. His theme was:

"That man has perfect blessedness who walketh not astray,
In counsel of ungodly men, nor stands in sinner's way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair."

After service he departed from William, saying: "Dear brother, I hope we can work together for our Master for many years. Continue to preach as you have begun; it is the right way in a large city. I am glad that I can give a

good account to the authorities. God be with you. Good night."

"Good night!"

After he went William said to himself, "The departure of the agent was a 'counterfeit grote,' to speak as does Fritz Reuter."

Before they went to rest, William read the 27th Psalm, and as this chapter closes it would be good if you, dear reader, would read it too.



3. THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.

William handed in his request to be examined, and the Synod appointed the district to which Chicago belonged, to take charge of it. The location was only thirty miles distant, and being so near Mr. Reinhard accompanied William.

Arriving at the place, they found the mission agent, who was president of the district, and the local minister.

As no quorum was present they concluded to wait. Perchance some other minister might come.

But no other made his appearance, and as the evening approached, the people gathered in church and William had to preach.

After the church had been dismissed there was no quorum yet. The pastor telegraphed to Milwaukee, and the answer was: "Will arrive with the next train."

The next train was due at midnight, they went to the station to meet it.

Arriving at the parsonage, they went into the pastor's study to open the meeting.

William thought of the night when Christ, the Saviour, was brought before Caiphas and condemned, and especially that He was condemned to death before He entered the palace, and His calling was only for a pretence.

He was disturbed in his thoughts by the president's words:

"I declare the meeting open." Then he made a short prayer, and told what was to be done.

The local minister asked for the floor, and taking his invitation in his hands, remarked: "Brethren, we are out of order. The meeting was called for the 15th of this month, and it is now the 16th. I make the motion that we adjourn, and that the president appoint another time." The motion was accepted and the nocturnal meeting was closed. William

and his elder, Mr. Reinhard, looked at each other, and the latter made some remark, of which only the word "farce" was audible.

As at four o'clock that morning another train passed through the place to Chicago, they took it, and just as the sun was rising they arrived in Chicago.

"As God will lead me, that path I will go," William said to himself.

Mr. Reinhard was not satisfied, for his blood was not so calm as before. However, he controlled himself, and said nothing.

The mission agent was walking along silently. The thoughts that he had only God could read.

Week after week passed, and the young Christians were waiting for their confirmation. Easter had come and gone; otherwise things went their usual course.

At last an invitation was sent to William that he should take part in the postponed conference at Milwaukee.

Two elders, one of whom was Mr. Reinhard, were sent along. They were instructed and impressed that the congregation wished their pastor to be installed as soon as possible.

A quorum was present, but the mission agent did not appear.

William was introduced to each of the members present. After the meeting was called to order, and several things spoken on, they went over to the examination of William.

Everything was different here. The brethren all looked friendly, and also several members of the church were present when the examination began.

It will be of little interest to the reader, therefore only a synopsis shall follow. The first question was:

"Do you feel yourself called to the ministry?"

"Yes."

"What is your reason for believing this? and what makes you believe that God has called you?"

Hereupon he told them how he, from childhood up, always wished to be a minister, and how God had led him through different ways, and brought him to America and here; how he had constantly been working for the welfare of others; told them of the blessings which he received, and also the good he had done through his teaching while being city missionary, etc.

They listened attentively, and then the president began with the actual examination.

First came the "Heidelberg Catechism," then Ecclesiastical History and Literature, then Practical Theology and Exegesis on the Epistle to the Romans, etc.

The catechism questions were answered well, but the history of the church and literature were not. He had forgotten the birthday of Zwingli, the day upon which Huss and Hieronymus were burned at the stake, and the year in which the diet of Constance was held, had disappeared from his memory.

In the literature it was the same; he knew the great men, also their works, but the days when they were born and when they died he did not know—he had a very bad memory for numbers. He knew the great works which God established through men, but he did not know when, nor the place.

In Practical Theology he was at home, so to speak, although some answers may not have been so very practical in the eyes of the examiner.

The Exegesis was a pleasure to him, and especially as the examiner understood how to examine.

But this part was interrupted by one of the brethren taking out his watch and saying: "It is now almost six, and at half-past seven William must preach, and me must consult

whether to accept his examination or not, and our people are waiting for us, for the stomach must be fed as well as the soul. I make the motion to close the examination."

The motion was seconded and accepted, and the judges went out to consult, leaving the members and William in church. It was getting dark, and the lamps were lit. William was calm. If they should not accept his examination, he knew that according to their own judgment they had judged.

After about fifteen minutes they came into church again, and the president announced that "the examination of candidate William is accepted, and that he be licensed to preach the Gospel after he has delivered his discourse, and at Pentecost should be installed in his own church at Chicago."

After the chairman had finished, they congratulated William, and a heavy-set old gentleman, who formerly was a ship captain, introduced himself as William's host, and led him to his home, where his wife prepared a splendid supper.

After supper they went to church, where William was to preach, and arriving there, found the church crowded to the utmost and still more people coming. William had many friends in Milwaukee, who came to hear him. He spoke in a manner which he never again equaled, his text being Psalm 18: 30:

"As for God, perfect is His way, the Lord His word is tried;
He is a buckler to all those who do in Him confide."

After church William was ordained, and since his confirmation he had never felt so happy as at that night.

Before they betook themselves to rest, William's host told in a like manner to Fritz Reuter how he came by his wife.

He was taken to the hospital in Boston, being sick, and she attended him at that time, and after getting well he asked her to be his wife. She consented.

"Et war man gaud, dat mien Fru dumals kenn katholisch Nonn was, sonnern eene evangelische Diakonissin, de man doch nicht dat Frieren verboden hett, suess har ick woll alleen min Schipp doerch dat Leven stuerrn moesst, den ene anre haerr ick nich nahmen;" (that is, It was good that my wife was not a Catholic nun, but an evangelical deaconess, who are not forbidden to marry, or else I would have had to steer my ship through this world alone.)

Then his wife said: *"Du, wenn dat Wurt 'ne Brueg wier, denn gueng ick saecker nich daroever, denn ick wir bang, dat ick inbreken dee un verdrinken!"* (Say, if those words were a bridge, I surely would not cross it, for fear of it breaking, and I would fall into the water and drown.)

It was late when they went to rest. On the following day, after William had visited some of his friends, Mr. Reinhard and himself went home. The other elder had already left in the morning; and when the ordained pastor and his friend arrived at Chicago, they were welcomed by a large company of friends and taken to their homes in carriages, where he was most heartily welcomed by his wife and two daughters.



4. THE INSTALLATION.

O thou joyfully,
O thou blissfully,
Ever grace-bringing pentecost!
Christ our Redeemer,
Sanctifies the soul;
Christians, be of good cheer, be of good cheer!

O thou joyfully,
O thou blissfully,
All world-renewing pentecost!
Lead us, Spirit of grace,
Through Thy holy ways.
Christians, be of good cheer, be of good cheer!

O thou joyfully,
O thou blissfully,
Holy, comforting pentecost!
We, the happy blest,
Thou wilt console;
Christians, be of good cheer, be of good cheer.

This was the opening hymn to the morning service on Whit-suntide, which was sung by boys and girls.

On this day William's installation should take place, and after the sermon the confirmation class was to be examined and to partake of the Lord's Supper.

The minister, at whose church William had to make his examination, and who made the motion to postpone the meeting, had to perform the action.

The mission agent was also present.

The first, we will call him Brother A. B., preached. His text was taken from Acts 2: 1-13; for his theme he had the fourth verse: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

After the sermon, William went up to the altar, and the congregation sang :

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see the heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchman joins their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

After the hymn Brother A. B. and the mission agent went to the altar to perform the holy rite of installing William.

After this was brought to an end, William began to examine the children, who were well-instructed, for they answered every question asked them. Before the confirmation they sang :

Witness, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;

To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength
But on His grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

O guide our doubtful feet aright;
And keep us in Thy ways:
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise!

The first question, "What is thy only comfort in life and death?" was answered by the whole class:

"That I, with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong to my faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, who with His precious blood hath fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil, and so preserves me that, without the will of my Heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation; and, therefore, by His Holy Spirit, He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready henceforth to live unto Him."
—*G. W. Williard, A. M.*

The whole catechism was taken through in like manner, and the congregation was listening with heart and ears, till at the last, when they all recited Eph. 3: 20–21:

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

"Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

The examination having ended, William addressed the children in the following manner :

“Be faithful unto death ; then I, saith the Lord, will give you the crown of life.” Thereupon each of the children received their certificate of confirmation, and afterward the members, with the children, were invited to take the Lord’s Supper, William being assisted by the Rev. A. B. and the mission agent.

After this all joined in the hymn :

Be faithful unto death :
My soul, let no sorrow chase
Thee from the cross of Jesus ;
Endure all thy distress ;
Be faithful unto death !

Be faithful unto death :
He who fights well, will be crowned,
Although the world doth mock Him,
Eat courageous thy bread ;
But, be true unto death !

Be faithful unto death :
Seest thou not thy golden crown ?
Swing thyself to yon region
Where God gave you His hand ;
And, be true unto death !

I’ll be true unto death :
True to Thee, my Saviour dear ;
Thou wilt write it in my heart
What my mouth has vowed :
That I am always thine !

After William had dismissed church and eaten his dinner, he went into his room to be alone with God. There he thanked Him for all the privileges he enjoyed, and for leading him into His path, and guiding his footsteps, and he prayed that God would grant him to work in His vineyard

as long as he was able, and that he might have the blessings of his Saviour Jesus Christ.

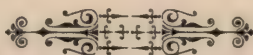
While thus engaged his wife called him, as the elders wished to see him. When he entered the parlor, Mr. Reinhard came to him, and gave him, in the name of the congregation, a cape, and said: "Dear pastor, until now you have not been wearing a cape. God does not look at the clothes, but at the heart, to see that your heart is full of love, both toward God and us, we are convinced. However, we are Germans, and as such we like to see our pastor wearing a cape; therefore, take this as a present from the congregation. God bless you!"

"Amen," said William, and heartily thanked them for the present.

In the evening William addressed a crowded congregation, wearing his cape. His text was taken from [Joshua 10: 14: "And there was no day like that before it, or after it."

In his introduction he remarked: "If there was ever a day in my life, when I would like to have called out with Joshua, 'Sun, stand still!' it is this day. But it is growing late, yet this day marks a new epoch in our life, to me as well as to you, dear congregation, and is also the first Whitsuntide,—the birthday of the Christian Church,—which I have spent with you as your pastor. However, these hours, in which we feel like calling out, 'It is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles,' have been of short duration. To-morrow we must again return to the work, and to the fight; but in all our doings God is able to give us more than we ask or think."

Service ended, William was soon with his own family, and as they were tired, they prayed "Our Father," and went to rest.



5. IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE?

At last William's desire was granted, and he was a pastor,—that is, he was now a shepherd, and as such must lead his sheep to the pasture, feed and water them. His congregation! The words sounded sweet. But should he not search for others? Many pastors think one need not look for the lost sheep of Israel, or at least ask them to join the church, but William acted differently. After he was installed he began to search for the lost ones, and tried to bring them to the cross of Jesus, and especially those that did not belong to any denomination.

On the following day, his youngest daughter, Marie, told him that in the neighborhood a German lady was very ill. William went over to see her. Upon entering the room in which the lady was, he looked around at the lovely surroundings. There was a fine Brussels carpet, and the bed in which the sick lady lay was finished in fine walnut. The covering was white as snow, and from between the pillows two dark eyes glared at him.

The woman was deadly pale, and the dark black hair was hanging loosely around her head.

"How are you to-day?" William asked, and came nearer to the bed.

The lady looked up and said, "Who are you? I don't know you."

"I am your neighbor, pastor of the Desplaines Street Church. I heard that you were sick, and thought it my duty to visit you."

"I am glad you have come. Really I am glad that some one thinks of me."

"Have you no family?"

"Yes, I have a husband,—my second. My first husband died; this one is a drunkard. From his first wife he had

three sons and two daughters, but no one bothers himself about me; they will be glad when I die, that they may inherit my fortune. My mother lives, but she is old and sick, and one of my step-daughters, the best of the lot, is attending her."

"What misery is in this house," thought William. Then he asked her what ailed her.

"I have a cancer in my stomach, and have dreadful pains."

"Then your disease would seem incurable?"

"Yes, my days are numbered."

"You will excuse the question, but as I am pastor, I think I have a right to ask: When you die, do you think that you will be saved?"

"Saved? I don't know, never bothered my mind with that question."

"Was the Word of the living God never taught to you?"

"Yes, when I was confirmed, but since then I never entered church. I came to America young and alone, and—please excuse me speaking further."

"Do you not wish to die happy?"

"Yes, if there is hope for me; but I fear it's too late."

"It is never too late, as we have the privilege to accept of Christ to-day."

William took his Bible from his pocket and read the parable of the lost sheep; then he prayed for the welfare of the sick and departed, promising to call again the next day.

At midnight the door bell of William's house was rung, and William responded. The servant asked him to please come over, as the lady wished to speak to him. When he entered the room, he found the woman in great excitement, and looking at him she said: "O, I must soon die, and I am lost!"

"Lost? No, no, dear lady; yet it is time for you to repent. We should not be lost; it is the will of the living God that man should be saved."

"God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

"E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find
And cleansing through the blood.

"Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

"Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

"Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ, the Lord, our King."

The lady listened attentively, then shortly after she said:

"O, I wish I could believe that, but I can't."

"Why not?"

"My past life is a mountain between myself and God. Since we are alone, listen to my past, and then judge for yourself if I am not lost—lost forever.

"I was born in Wurtemberg, my father was a workman, and my mother an ordinary pious woman. She visited prayer-meetings regularly, and after I was twelve years of age, she often took me along, and if I would have stayed at home, I would have followed her footsteps. I left all my friends, relatives, father and mother when I was sixteen, and came to America. Arriving at Chicago, I looked for a place and found one in a house of ill-repute on State Street. I was not experienced, and my mistress often wanted me to lead the same life that she was leading, but I resisted, until her son asked me for my hand, and I became his wife, being not yet eighteen years of age. My husband treated me well, but slowly and surely I was falling a prey to a life of shame. My husband took me to the theater, dances, parties, and so on, and in this way I became a harlot. He was a partner of the business which my father-in-law had, that is, a saloon, but it was more of a play and sporting house."

"What was the number of the house?" William asked. And having been told, he found out that it was the same place where Dr. Adolphus used to have his headquarters and which he also visited in the first part of his stay in Chicago, and where the unfortunate Mr. von Wendel killed himself. "Yes, there is a nemesis," William thought. "Please continue."

"We had four children, but they died before they were a year old; and I am glad of it. My husband's parents died, so he took the whole business into his hands, and I helped him. To earn money was our aim. Then the fire broke out. I shall never forget that night, from Sunday to Monday. When the west side began to burn the light illuminated our house, in which, behind locked doors, a regular Bacchus' feast was being celebrated. Wine and intoxicating liquor fired the people, so that, half naked, they were dancing around in the room.

"A pastor, Adolphus by name, was the leader of this crowd. In a short time our house caught fire, and like crazy people we ran out into the street, each trying to save himself. How many were burned no one found out, as the girls did not stay at the place, and even children of reputable parents were in this crowd, but the parents did not know it. Hundreds of innocent girls were ruined here. Our house was thought to be a decent place and only those that really were acquainted could find the play hall.

"On the following day I found myself in the hospital. Being burned and unconscious I was taken there. My present husband saved me. It was more thankfulness than love that made me marry him.

"My first husband was burned to death. He was found under the ashes of our house, and beside him the bones of either girls or boys. After I recovered, I built me three houses with the money I had saved, but, suddenly this dreadful disease seized me, and now I am lost. Oh, I can't tell you how my conscience troubles me, for my husband and I are the fault of the ruin of so many girls. Now judge, am I not lost? Can there be hope for such a person?"

"Poor unhappy creature," William said, who was greatly moved by her words.

"Yes, poor and unhappy; more than that, there is no more hope for me!"

"Yes, there is hope; believe in Christ Jesus and you will be saved."

After this introduction the earnest talk was continued, which resulted in the woman beginning to be quiet and hoping for grace and forgiveness. The sun was shining brightly when William left the house. After three days she died, having repented and being saved through the blood of Jesus.

After her burial, he saw in her will that she donated eight hundred dollars to the Orphan Home, which, after her

mother's death, should be handed over to him. This money, however, was never paid. And as several banks had mortgages on the property, and the administrator refused to pay the interest, they confiscated the property, and the administrator, in order to get a compensation for his trouble, bought the property. The woman's mother died in the poor house, after the houses were sold. God did not want this money which was earned in such a way for the benefit of the orphans.



6. THE PLOT.

On Morgan Street, in a room, which was rented by four men for a consultation room, there was the Rev. A. B., and the mission agent, Mr. Mann. The two others were members of the church,—we will call one Judas, and the other Demas. The latter was taken up as member under William's pastorate.

It was eight o'clock when the meeting was called to order.

The chairman prayed. Just think, dear reader, men with venom in their hearts prayed, but only with their lips. I wonder if the Pharisees also prayed when they gave the money to Judas to betray his Master?

After the prayer, the chairman said: "Brethren, we came here to consult how and in what way we can get rid of this inquisitive Jack, this William of whom we know nothing. We ought not to have elected him, but we did, and now we must try and put him out of the way. Caution is the mother of wisdom." "Be wise as the serpent, but harmless as doves," did not suit here.

"Well, brother, tell us what you have to say against Pastor William's intercourse with that woman, who, as he said, is saved as a 'brand out of the fire.'"

Judas rose and spoke as follows: "Brethren, it is a shame to our church that our pastor visits the harlots, a woman that is despised by all, even by her own relatives. This woman has fallen so low that people do not wish to speak to her, and our pastor, after finding out that she was sick, visited her. It would have been different had he been called."

"Brother Judas, I would like to find out all about this interview. I am told that he knew this woman before, and

often went to the place with Dr. Adolphus. Do you know anything about that, Brother Demas?" asked Pastor A. B.

"Nothing certain. Dr. Adolphus' successor thought because William was one of his best friends during the first part of his stay, he had often escorted him. What enrages me most, and what can be harm to the church, is that he bothered himself about this woman after hearing that she was sick—that woman, who received the just punishment for her sins. We don't want such a pastor, do we Brother Judas?"

"Yes, brother-heart," he answered, "only don't get excited. I don't believe that we can build our church in this way. By and by all the trash from the southwest side will come to our church, and none of the honorable members will stay. But let us be cautious, for we are fighting against many. There is Mr. Reinhard, and others, who would go through thick and thin, and the children, they will run through fire for him."

"You bet we will!" was heard from one of the corners of the room.

They were afraid. They thought they were alone, but the daughter of Judas was in the room when the men entered, so she heard it all.

"Will you get out of here!" the father cried.

"Just as you say, father. Had you told me before, I would have gone then,—but for the pastor I will go through the fire," she said, and left the room.

After they recovered from their shock, the mission agent said, "Brethren, she will tell all, and that will place us in a bad light."

"I will take care of that," Judas said.

After a short time this four-leaved clover again resumed where they left off.

"I knew at once that that fellow was not fit for a place at Chicago, and for the Church, our beloved Zion," said the

mission agent. "However, nothing is lost yet, if we 'stick' to each other we can pull the ground from under his feet. Brethren, work in the church, see that more join our band. We must get the Synod against him, and as he is a beginner, we can soon drive him clear out of the field."

"I think that would be the best," said Demas, "yet I would like to tell you of something else he did. The day before yesterday a school boy told him that on the opposite side of the street there was a man very ill, who had the cramps. He went over with his children, and with the aid of the larger boys, carried him into the schoolhouse. Then he went for the doctor, and soon arrived with him. He found out that the man had taken poison, and one of the boys had to go for another doctor, before they could get the man out of danger. By so doing he did not teach, but told the children, 'What you have missed this noon is not much, but the good you did will be written in heaven, for you have saved a soul from destruction.' Then he and Mr. Reinhard went home with the man, and William stayed all night, and on the following day he went around and begged for provisions for him, as the man was poor and had none. Those are his ways, and thus he thinks he will be able to build a church. What had that man to do with him?"

"That's just like him," said the mission agent.

"The last time I was at his house, an Irish woman came there and cried and begged, as she had no money to buy her children bread, and asked if he could not do something for her. He reached in his pocket, and as he only had twenty-five cents, he said, 'You will also give her a quarter?' What could I do? Such impudence I had never seen before. Then he went about in the neighborhood and begged for money, and gave the woman all of it.

"But that is not all. We went out together. I wanted to take a look at the city, and he took me into a place where

I did not care to go, and if I had been by myself I would never have gone there. Upon entering the room, one could see a dirty place, the bed upon which the sick man was lying being very filthy, and his wife and children, who looked terrible, were standing around the bed.

"Well, how goes it?" William asked him.

"A little better; that money you sent helped us."

"I will bring more to-morrow; but after you are able to work you must get at it."

"Certainly, I will."

"When we arrived on the outside" he said to me, "That man is a countryman of mine. He has fallen into bad ways, but I think I will be able to bring him on the right track." Then we went to the county hospital. Here he went from room to room, and asked for Germans, and with each he spoke, and with the common trash he spoke most. After we left the place I said to him, "I thought you were going to show me the city."

"Why," says he, "we are in the center of the city, this is a part of my mission field. This noon I will show you the aristocratic part of the city."

"After we had eaten dinner at a restaurant, we went to other parts of the city. We also looked at Lincoln Park, and arrived home about five o'clock. When we had taken a lunch, I wanted to study, as I had to preach for him on Sunday, when a man came crawling along, really crawling on hands and feet.

"William's daughter assisted him to a chair; when he was seated, he said:

"Rev. Rundherum, from the south side, sent me here as he thought that you might help me out."

"What do you wish?" asked William.

"The man told him how he lost everything he had through sickness, and that he has a daughter in Los Angeles

who would take care of him, but could not pay his traveling expenses. He had sold everything he had, that is, his tools (he was a cabinet-maker by trade), and for them he received thirty-five dollars, but the expenses are sixty dollars, and therefore Rev. Rundherum sent him to William, as he knows the president of the railroad company, and might be able to secure him a pass.

"'Brother Mann,' he said to me, 'I have heard that you are rich, and are worth about twenty-five thousand dollars. Show this man a favor and give him twenty-five dollars, for Christ says, "What ye have done to one of these least, that ye have also done unto me." The Saviour is coming to you, in the form of this man.' Just think of such impertinence!

"I never thought of doing such a thing, so he sent his daughter to Mr. Reinhard, and asked him for his horse and buggy. In a short time it was brought, and says he, 'Will you go along, Brother Mann? I will make you acquainted with St. Hanns, as the people call him.'

"I went along, we drove to Rock Island Station. Arriving there, we went to the president, St. Johns by name. William told him of the poor fellow.

"'Well, Brother William, I can do nothing for that man.'

"'You must help, Brother Johns it is the Lord who comes in that poor man.'

"'Well, let me see.'

"He called several gentlemen, consulted them, then he said to him:

"'I think it will be all right; come again in about an hour.'

"We passed the time in a restaurant which was near the station, and afterward he went there himself and brought back a ticket to Los Angeles for thirty dollars.

"How in all the world is that work for a minister? He will get all the rascals on his neck that are in Chicago, if he continues that way, and the church must suffer under it."

The others told similar stories about Rev. William, and at last they concluded to work together to get him out of the way.

It was eleven o'clock at night when they adjourned. The mission agent prayed, then they went to their homes, but that they slept the sleep of the just cannot be believed.



7. MISSION FIELDS.

Considerable time had passed since the meeting of the four who were going to plot against William; when he received a letter from the mission authority to look out for new mission fields, as the church body would like to labor more in Chicago. William did not have to look long for such, for being city missionary, he knew exactly where such fields were. He informed them that he had found a place in which no other denomination was working, and if they would send the right man, the result would be favorable.

After a month a young man entered William's house, and introduced himself as the minister sent by the mission authorities to look at the field. His name was Omego.

William looked at him a little closer, and did not like the man's appearance—he was too conceited. He had something in his manner that said. "Just look at me, I am the man," and he spoke in some way, peculiar to himself, as if he thought it an easy task to conquer the whole city of Chicago. He had certainly not learned in the school of his Master, who said, "I am meek and lowly in heart."

"I would like to see the field and announce a meeting for next Sunday, as the president of the mission authorities will be present, and Brother Allmacht and myself will hold service."

"Young man," said William, "do you think, if I would advertise in the papers that on the following Sunday the Reverends Allmacht and Omego would preach in this district and at such a place, that all the Germans would run to hear you? The old lady would not leave her chair for such as that. You cannot work in Chicago in such a manner, nor in any large city. You must look at the place, build up a school, and then you win the parents; and if you are a true, upright Christian, which I doubt, you can't help but have

success. You were sent to me, and are my guest, and therefore it is etiquette to speak in a more decent manner, but it seems to me, as if you think I ought to consider this as a great honor that you have visited my place. If you think that, you are mistaken."

This cooled him off, so to speak, for he excused himself, saying, "Well, let it pass. I will telegraph Brother Allmacht not to come."

He did so, but he could not get it into his head to teach school. An ordained minister teach school, and bother with the children? That would not work.

Several days later he left Chicago, but he had to borrow money from William to get his ticket. "Boasting was his property," said the latter.

After a short time William was asked to help build a Union Sunday-school, as in the neighborhood where it was to be built were many Germans. However, it would be necessary that he should donate two thousand dollars, for which he could open a German day school.

William informed the authorities of the Church, and the president came personally, and spoke very nicely. He remained in Chicago several days, spoke to the men that had started the work, and seemed to be well pleased.

But after eight days William received a letter, stating that the mission authorities could not assist anyone at present. Therefore the work had to be dropped.

Before continuing our story, the writer cannot help looking back over the 20 years that have elapsed since we first met our hero. In his first field, the largest Lutheran Church and two schoolhouses were established; the schools are visited by one thousand children; the church has two ministers and twelve teachers. After two years the premises of the Union Sunday-school were sold, when each that had paid two thousand received four thousand dollars, and the

Evangelical Association built with the money, which they had gotten together, a church that is still growing.

"Let us not be weary in doing good," was William's motto. He looked for other fields, and the same thing happened to them as to the first two. They wanted to show the Church that he was not the man for Chicago. After he understood that, he stopped looking for new fields. His main purpose was to make all of his members practical Christians, for he hoped to bring new life into his slumbering church in so doing.

In the midst of his work William received a letter from the mission authorities, and also from a missionary who was going to work in Chicago, and who also asked for information as to how one could work best in a large city, etc.

The results of the letter we must delineate in the next chapter.



8. "SON OF MAN, BEHOLD, I TAKE AWAY FROM THEE,
THE DESIRE OF THY EYES."—Ez. 24: 14.

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke, yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down."—Ezekiel 24: 16.

William had written to the minister, who was sent by the Synod: "I am glad to have found some one at last who trusts in me, and asks me for advice as to how one can work best in a large city," etc.

About a week afterwards he came home one afternoon and found his wife and children in the greatest excitement.

"Here, read!" his wife said to him. "Oh they will not rest till they have driven us from this place!"

William took the letter and read, and as such a letter can easily excite a nervous disposition, we will let the reader see it also:

BANVILLE, IND.

To Rev. William, Chicago:

Who told you that I trusted in you? Trust a person whom we know nothing of! I have no faith in you, and would not have written to you, had I not been asked to do so by the Synod. I will come to Chicago and preach the Gospel, and not be bothered about you or your advice. You had better try and get the Synod on your side, then you can give others advice. I do not care for it. And if I had not been asked to write to you, I would not have corresponded with you.

Yours truly,

• MICHEL PETER, Pastor.

After William had read the letter he copied it, and sent the original to Rev. A. B., who was at the conference to which William belonged. The children went to school, and William tried hard to comfort his wife, but could not succeed.

"Why did we not stay in Elmburst!" his wife cried. "You will find they will not rest till we leave! They call each other brethren in the Lord—bosh; I would not want them for my brethren! They are Jesuits!—and they want to build Zion! O my head, how it burns, my head, my head!"

At last his wife seemed to be calm. William wanted to go for a physician but she did not wish any. He put wet bandages around her head and they seemed to help; but it only seemed so. Julia prepared supper, while little Marie went for Mrs. Orlin, who soon returned with her. William told her all that had happened. After supper his wife, being told to go to rest, followed the kind lady's advice. She was complaining of headache, but at nine she began to sleep.

The children also went to rest. Mrs. Orlin went home, and William watched at his wife's side. He took his comforter, the Bible, and it opened to the 24th chapter of Ezekiel, 15th verse, he began to read half aloud:

"Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thy eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down.

"Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips and eat not the bread of man."

He read to this place, when suddenly his wife came stumbling down in front of him, crying, "O my head, my head!" There she lay like a dead person at his feet, and soon her blood stained the floor of the room.

Both daughters came running into the room on hearing the cry. The soon succeeded in getting her into bed, and then William went for the physician, and soon arrived with him. Upon examining her, he pronounced it a case of congestion of the brain.

After William got the medicine for her, he took his seat at the side of his beloved wife.

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of your eyes." The words still echoed in William's heart. He took the Bible, which was yet open on the table, and continued reading, "So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died."

William put the Bible down to pray for the life of his wife, asking if it was the will of God that He would spare her for His Son's sake.

While praying, his wife put her hand on his head, saying:

"William, I die. You must marry again. Take a wife that is good to the children."

"O Julia, I hope you will get well. We can't do well without you; God will spare you."

"No, William, I die; bury me at Waldheim; but after I am dead, think of my mother in Germany."

"Child, you will not die; do not speak so."

"Ask the doctor; he will tell you that there is no hope for me."

Slowly the hours of the night passed. Only a few times was the silence interrupted. When morning dawned the doctor came.

William went with him to the door, and as he was about to go, he heard his wife call to him:

"Don't forget to ask the doctor!"

"What should you ask me?" the doctor asked.

"My wife would like to know if she must die of this disease?" William answered.

The doctor looked at him in astonishment. Then William said: "Just tell us, for we belong to those that do not fear death."

"I hope that she will recover, as she has a strong constitution, but it is not probable. Ride down to the southside and ask Doctor Z. to come to your house to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I would like to consult with him."

Ten long days and nights Mrs. Orlin and William and other female friends watched alternately at the bed of his dear wife.

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of your eyes." The words still echoed in William's heart. On the tenth day she was feeling better, and when the doctor came William said to him: "I hope my wife will recover."

The physician examined her and said:

"Hurry, and call Doctor Z. again."

William obeyed, and in a short time arrived with him. Entering the room, he heard his wife say:

"O Jesus, my salvation!"

Another congestion of the brain had set in, and his eyes' desire lived three days longer, without being conscious, and was then released. The pain she had endured cannot be described.

The news that William's wife had died spread fast, but very few knew the real cause of her death.

Brother Reinhard and Rev. A. B. sympathized most with William. The latter even asked William's pardon for the past. Both were friends, but the future will show that the friendship of Rev. A. B. was not kept up, though William was greatly attached to him.

Through the death of his wife, William first found out how much he was beloved by his members, who paid all the funeral expenses.

"Bury me in Waldheim." This was the last wish of the departed mother, and she was taken there three days afterwards.

Brother A. B. and another young minister held the services. The latter preached from Revelation 2: 10: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." After he ended, Rev. A. B. mounted the pulpit. He had been a Jewish Rabbi. He took the Bible and opened it at Ezekiel 24: 16:

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of your eyes, with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn, nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down.

"Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.

"So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded."

He spoke well. He explained that a minister must not be discouraged through the death of his own. "Weep, my friend, when you are alone. Do we not all believe that we shall see each other again after this life? This faith can comfort us at the grave of our departed ones."

God bless the man for these words!

When the funeral procession arrived at Waldheim, the sun was going down. The choir sang:

"With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, 'Come to Me.'

"It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, 'Come to Me.'

"Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting place for thee;

To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, 'Come to Me!'

"O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, 'Come to Me!'"

After the hymn Rev. A. B. read the suitable Bible verses and then dismissed them with the benediction. Slowly they walked away, one after another, till at last William with his daughters was left alone. They looked down into the grave, and the tears were rolling down their cheeks, for a dear one had gone from them.

After a short time Mr. Reinhard came and said: "Dear pastor, come; your carriage is waiting for you. Your tears will not bring your wife back. Come, come along to my house."

William obeyed.

"'Your tears will not bring your wife back.' Yes, Mr. Reinhard was right; she will not come to me, but I will go to her," thought William.

Arriving at Mr. Reinhard's, and after eating a little, they went home,—the children to rest, but William still remained up. Everything seemed dead to him. He thought of the time when he first met his beloved wife, thought of the joy and troubles which they shared with each other.

"There, read! They will not rest till they have driven us from this place."

These words formed part of the last incident of his married life. Killed through the hate of people with whom he never came in contact, who were influenced by others not to do as he said, but to work their own plans and schemes against him.

"Yes, there are also evangelical Jesuits," he thought. He would much rather have thrown everything into the

corner and left the next day, but he was loved by his members, and that love was fully returned.

Oh, how hard it is to believe,
When all try to deceive;
'Tis hard to trust the living Lord
When the last hope is gone to naught,

he said, half aloud. "Yes, the poet was right when he said :

It costs much to be a Christian
And live according to the Holy Spirit;
For it is hard for nature to confess,
And under the cross of Jesus to submit;
And is there here a battle to be fought?
That matters naught.
Here we must walk upon serpents.

Yes, yes! Their venom of hate is yet in his soul; he felt it; and this venom was threatening to enter his heart, threatened to throw him back to the Old Testament doctrine: "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth."

He felt a burning in his heart, which cried for revenge. Had his wife died suddenly or through the cause of some other sickness, his faith would not have been shaken so much, but she was killed by a sudden emotion of the mind, caused by a sensational persecution of people who called themselves Christians. She was murdered!

The poet Gerok was right, when he said: "One can stand at the grave and exclaim: She has been poisoned, and the criminal can not be brought to justice.

The murderers, who have killed her, walked around as free as could be; yes, they played an important role in the church to which they belonged.

She was gone. William comforted himself by taking his Bible in hand, and he read the words of St. Paul, "For God is faithful." Yes, God is faithful.

Then he took a piece of paper and wrote :

Our God is true.
Why be afraid, my soul ?
Our God is true :
He'll take those to His goal
Who trust in Him.
Then hope anew—
Our God is true.

The morning sun peeped into his room, and found him
still awake.



9. LOUISE.

After the hearts were comforted to a certain extent, the women and young ladies held a meeting to speak over such things as could be useful for the pastor.

Mrs. Orlin called the meeting to order; after this had been done, Louise, our old friend, said: "No one, besides my parents, has done so much for me as Rev. William, and I believe if it had not been the will of God that I should have met him, I would be amongst the living no more; and therefore I think it my duty to give up my present situation and keep house for him."

"That will not do," Mrs. Orlin said somewhat excitedly. "You dare not keep house for the pastor."

"Why not?" several of the ladies asked.

"I cannot tell the reason! Louise, you know that we love you, I and my husband; therefore spare me a closer explanation to your question in the presence of these people, but if you will go home with me I will tell you. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," Louise answered.

After speaking for a long time, they agreed to come and help in the pastor's family as much as possible.

Louise accompanied Mrs. Orlin. Arriving at her home they went into a room, locked the door, and remained there for a long time.

As Louise was on her way home, one could see that she had been crying.

"Be strong, child," said Mrs. Orlin, as they separated, "I mean it well with you."

"I do not doubt that," she answered.

One month later a messenger came from the county hospital, who asked to see Rev. William. After being seated, he said:

"Miss Louise is sick again with nervous fever. She did not wish for any one to tell you, but as she is recovering, and as she is too weak to go to work, the director sent me to you, as you took such great interest in her the last time she was sick."

"Louise sick? and no one told me of it? She did not want me to know it? That is strange," William said. "Wait a minute; I will go with you."

Tossing on her bed lay Louise, murmuring, "Where should I go? I can't go to the pastor's house, and to Mrs. Orlin or to my other friends I don't want to go. Father and mother are dead. My only brother has disappeared. Why, O God, should I have recovered?"

When the messenger and Rev. William entered, the latter said, "Louise, why did you not let me know that you were sick? I missed you in church, asked for you, but no one could tell me where you were."

"I would have liked to send word to you, but I was not allowed."

"Why not? I don't understand."

"Mrs. Orlin can explain it to you."

"Mrs. Orlin? She don't know where you are."

"That may all be true; still she can explain to you what I can't."

"Well, let that go. We may thank God that you have recovered."

William knelt down at the side of her bed, took her hands into his, and thanked God for Louise's recovery, and prayed that He might keep her in His ways.

After he prayed he said, "Now, Louise, as soon as you are able, you come to the house. You can have a home there, and as you have no father nor mother, I will be as a father to you. My daughters will welcome you, and you

can help them in many things. They have lost their mother too soon, when they needed her most."

"Oh, how happy your offer makes me. I will do for you and your daughters all that is in my power, to prove myself worthy of your love and kindness."

"I shall have everything in order, and will send a wagon to-morrow to get you."

After William had said this he departed. He went to Mrs. Orlin to get the explanation. On entering the room, he asked: "Have you heard anything of Louise, or where she is?"

"No. I haven't seen her for a month; and to look for her I had no time, but I think that I can look around this week."

"That will not be necessary; I just came from the hospital. She is sick again with nervous fever, but is recovering; and I have come to you to get an explanation as to why Lulu did not want to send for me."

"Dear pastor, you know that I wish you well, and you know I have rebuked Lulu's ideas before, when she wanted to become nurse. The women have a sharper eye than the men; but what's the use of this long introduction. Louise, after the death of your wife, wanted to come and stay with you, in order to aid you and your children. At that time she said that it was thankfulness that prompted her action, but it is another motive besides thankfulness."

"But what motive?"

"She wants to become your wife."

"But, Mrs. Orlin, what are you thinking of? She is only four years older than my oldest daughter. Were I not in mourning I would laugh heartily at such thoughts."

"Laugh on, for I know it is just as I think. What confirms my suspicion is that she did not send word to any of us."

"Well, let it be as it may, I promised to take her into my house, and told her she can think of me as her father, as God has taken her father and mother."

"I wish you success. It is good that you told her that she can look up to you as a father."

"I thank you for your hint. I shall give her no cause whatever to think that I love her in the sense that you mean. She can become my adopted daughter."

"I hope that she will be content, but be on the lookout. Lulu is pretty!"

* * * * * *

The Summer was coming to its close. In the parsonage everything went along its regular course.

William's daughters tried hard, and also Lulu, to cheer him and make him happy; when he arrived home in the evening, and when there were no Bible hours, they would sing together or play on the piano. William kept away from the girl as much as possible, although he was kind to her and took care of her as a father.

With the greatest calmness Lulu did her work.

When she sat beside the other two girls one would have taken them to be sisters, as they were all blondes, with large blue eyes. If it would only have remained so.

One day William came home rather tired. Louise and Marie had gone to bed, and Julia, the oldest daughter, waited till her father came home. She was evidently in a state of great excitement.

"Papa," she said, "Louise must leave."

"Why, child?"

"Just think, she told Mrs. N. if she were only your wife then you would be better off, and as we are yet young, we cannot please you so much; and then we would take more from her, and she could have more to say."

"But child, that cannot be. I have given her no cause to think of such a thing."

"I know; but that is the truth."

"To-morrow we will speak more about it. Don't be afraid, Lulu will not be your mother; and if she is not satisfied with being a sister to you, then she must look for another place."

Mrs. Orlin judged correctly. Who can read a person's heart.

On the following morning, after they had eaten breakfast and prayer had been spoken, William said, "Now, children, sit down here a minute. I have something to say to you. First to you, Lulu. Have you said that you would like to become my wife?"

"No," she said, and blushed.

"And yet you have told Mrs. N. if you were only my wife. Have you said that?"

She did not answer.

"You will leave this house this day, and never enter it again. I owe this to my honor."

He wanted to say more, but he could not, so he left the room.

After six weeks, the messenger of the county hospital came again, telling that Lulu was sick. "Do you want her to come again?" William asked his daughters.

"Yes, papa, let her come."

And so she came. After a short time she found out that her brother lived in Iowa. She wrote to him, and soon went there. What became of her, no one ever found out.



10. THE KITCHEN OF THE POOR.

The cold Winter in the second year after the conflagration was so dreadful, that among the lower-class population there was great distress. All these things constrained William to bring these circumstances before his congregation, and establish a kitchen for the poor, in order that they could have one warm meal a day. After considerable pro and con it was at last agreed to establish a poor house. William let Mr. Reinhard take the chair, and he asked for the floor, and said, "Dear brethren, the want is great. We want to be Christians and show that we are, in the love of God, accepted as children. Then, if this love is in us, let it drive us to fulfill our Lord's command: 'Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?' And again, 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his heart to have compassion on him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?'"

"Let us show the world that we are Christians in the full sense of the word; then we will first be able to build the Church of God. Do not think of the sacrifices of love which this undertaking will cost, the means God will send us in time. Our schoolhouse is almost empty; there we will have room for a kitchen and also dining-room. In order to have money, I shall lecture on the History of the Reformation, for the benefit of the church, and for the upper room of the schoolhouse I will pay to the church one hundred dollars, if they wish me to, and will give them a check this evening. Think again; it is a noble work that you are about to undertake, and God will bless our church for it."

The church would not accept Rev. William's hundred dollars, but willingly agreed to establish the kitchen of the

poor. All were in favor of it except Judas and Demas. The first left church before the meeting was ended.

On the following day the ladies had their meeting, and William asked them to help him in the undertaking. They were all willing and appointed a committee, who were to help in the kitchen, and promised to help secure a large audience at the lectures. The kitchen was to be opened on the first Monday in January.

* * * * * *

Again it was Christmas. On the first Christmas day the Desplaines Street Church was crowded to the utmost, and extra seats had to be brought in. William's text was Isaiah 9: 6: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The prince of Peace."

He showed that this Child was born for all—for the rich and for the poor, for the mighty and the lowly; and asked if God really could look down with good-will toward men, in this time, where want is so great, if the people would not help those in need?

The sermon made a deep impression upon the congregation. Then he told them that on the first Monday in January the kitchen of the poor would be opened, and as there was not yet enough money got together to begin, he would, on the second day of Christmas, hold his first lecture, and that they should bring their friends, as the admission was only ten cents.

In the collection of the church many envelopes were put into the basket, on which was written, "For the poor."

His first lecture comprised, "The Life, Works and Death of John Huss."

The collection was large enough to open and keep the thing up for several days.

A widow, Mrs. Regert by name, took charge of the kitchen. Pork and beans were cooked on the first day.

"For how many persons should I set the table?" asked the directress.

"Well, for about fifty," William answered.

"So many will not come."

"I don't know!"

As the clock struck twelve, everything was prepared, ready to be served. They waited patiently, at last the door opened and a little girl entered, who offered to help.

A quarter of an hour passed and it seemed as if they had cooked for naught.

Then a negro entered and asked in a bashful way, "Can I have something to eat?"

He told them that there is a crowd of people standing at the door of the church and can't find the way.

The little girl went out and called them, and they ate heartily. There were more than fifty.

Mrs. Regert was a practical, good and honorable widow, who filled her place well in all respects. He who came first was served first. And as only one meal was served out, they spent the afternoon in preparing for the next day's repast.

Julia and Marie, the daughters of William, also did their share. Mrs. Regert spent her evenings in the company of the pastor and his family, and doubtless memory still recalls those happy days.

There were about one hundred people fed per day, and God often helped wonderfully.

One very cold day in February, Mrs. Regert came to William and said: "Reverend sir, we have no more provisions, we must give it over."

"Have you nothing at all?"

"One meal of peas, no bread, no meat, and no salt."

"No salt?" William felt in his pocket and found twenty-five cents, and giving it to her, he said: "Take this and buy some meat and cook it with the peas, and by noon God will help."

"You have a strong faith."

"Yes; that I have."

"While William was going to his home, a little girl came to him with two large loaves of bread. "My mother sends this bread for the poor," she said.

He had scarcely arrived home when one of his confirmation girls came to pay for a catechism which she had bought.

"Wait a moment," said William, as the girl was about to depart, "I must first get your five dollar bill changed."

"No, no; mamma said the rest should go to the poor."

With a thankful heart William went to buy bread. While he was walking along, he met the Jew whose child William had taken into his house after the fire. He said: "Reverend sir, I have come to bring something for the poor. What do you need?"

"Everything—we have nothing left on hand."

He went to a grocery and bought five dollars' worth of provisions. Then both went to the coal dealer, who at once sent on a ton of coal.

When he arrived home he found the closet full—rice, peas, beans, crackers, and all kind of spices.

Mr. Reinhard, who had a grocery store, had purchased goods, and from each one he received something for the benefit of the poor.

While Mrs. Regert was looking at these things with folded hands, a butcher came with some mutton.

"Mrs. Regert, has not my faith proved itself?"

"This is a wonder."

"It is no wonder at all. God awakened the hearts of these people at the proper time, and the results you see."

Before the first guests came, a farmer from Elmhurst arrived, bringing a barrel of potatoes, turnips, and some money.

In the afternoon a young couple came to get married. They gave him five dollars, in order to keep up his family, as well as to help others.

In the evening William said to Mrs. Regert and to his daughters, "This day we must mark red in the almanac, to remind us of the heavenly grace."

At their prayer-meeting they sang :

Be thankful for all, ye children of the heavenly love!
Praise ye the Father, for the blessings sent you from above!

'Tis He alone!—

Heaven and earth do atone;
Praise ye, His creative power.

Be thankful for all! For all is purity to the pure;
Be thankful for all; everything is for His children sure.

Mourn then no more;
My frightened soul, mourn no more.
Rest in Him who always lives.

Heaven and earth, what do I want, what can you give to me?
Poor earthly gifts; everlasting life is only in Thee.

One thing we want!—
Blessed he, whom God does grant
Peace, love, heavenly atonement.

The Winter passed slowly. In the latter part of March the last meals were dished out. God had helped wonderfully. But this work which pleased God, and could have become a blessing to the church, was converted into a curse. It is a shame that so many Judases are in the church. But more of this in the next chapter.

11. "CATCH THE LITTLE FOXES, FOR THEY DESTROY
OUR VINEYARD."

The Winter, with its cold and want, has passed, and again the queen of the year holds her triumphal march into the world, and spreads a velvet cover all around, leaving places where daisies, forget-me-nots and other beautiful flowers came forth.

"O taste and see how good the Lord is," this is what nature preaches. "Who trusts in him is blessed."

Among the ruins of Chicago new life was springing up, and the want was, to a great extent, replaced.

Easter was passed, Pentecost came to hand. In connection with this the mission feast was to take place.

"Bind ye unto the altar's horns with cord the sacrifice." This was the motto of the Desplaines Street Church; and they decorated the church beautifully.

Brother Mann stayed with his bosom friend Judas, the day before he made arrangements with William how the festival should be carried out.

Rev. Mann was to preach first, then Rev. William. The first should speak of the mission abroad, the other of the mission at home.

The church bells called, "Come, come!" And the people came from far and near, and in a short time the church was filled. "Come, O Creator, Spirit blest," echoed through the church and filled all the hearts with holy fear. William read a chapter, then prayed, and then Rev. Mann mounted the pulpit. His text was Isaiah 52: 7-10: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth?"

"Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem, for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

"The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

The sermon was well worked out, as he held himself close to his text, and said, "That it was necessary to send out messengers that preach peace, preach repentance, proclaim salvation, that point to Jesus as the Saviour, as King, and Prince of peace."

After he ended, the choir sang:

"When Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we."

After the hymn William mounted the pulpit, and said before he read his text, "Dear brethren and sisters, I feel sad to-day; yes, so sad that I would much rather go into my room and pray to God, and weep, as Jeremiah wept over Jerusalem. I am to speak of the mission at home. I know well the large mission field of our city, as I was city missionary; I know the wants of those that are not yet Christians, and yet who have ears for the Word of God; I know the hungry, know the sick. God is my witness, that I have worked diligently in trying to comfort the poor and the heavy laden. I have, as you well know, searched for fields, and found such, but I could not serve them; with your kind aid, we were able to help many poor; the eyes of the noble of the city were cast upon us, and we could have easily enlarged our congregation. However, some not knowing how to labor in the vineyard of God, have spoiled it.

"It seems to me as though my sermon was as the song of a swan,—no one wants to understand me, nor will as long as I stand on the walls of Zion! What we have tried to build up, others are tearing down. But enough.

"My text you will find in the second chapter, fifteenth verse, in the song of Solomon :

" 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.' "

"Yes, our vines have tender grapes," he began his sermon. "Before we can labor for the good cause of our God, His Holy Spirit must lead us, must live in our hearts and prepare the way." He then illustrated how the grapes must be cared for. This brought him to the beginning of his text, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines.

"Take them, or, in other words, catch them if you can! That is hard work; but if the vines should grow this must be done." Then he told them how the foxes can come into the vineyard, generally from the outside; they make holes in the ground, build their lairs in them and leave their young in them; therefore, it reads, catch the little foxes that spoil the vines.

"This work is as necessary in a mission church as the planting and watering. May God give us the power to destroy all of them, and that we may labor for God's kingdom."

Speaking thus, his guest turned from one side to the other, and his friend Judas turned as red as a turkey-gobbler. Evidently they thought, "We are meant by that."

And they were. William wanted them to feel it.

Service ended, Mrs. Orlin asked William and his guest to come in the afternoon to take a cup of coffee at her house. When William arrived home he looked for his guest, but he was not there; he had gone with Judas.

After dinner William went to Judas' house to extend the invitation to Rev. Mann. Upon entering the hall of Judas' house, he was about to knock, but hearing loud speaking, he listened, and heard: "Get William out of this church, and then the Synod will begin to work in Chicago; otherwise not. To erect kitchens, visit the scoundrels, run after the drunkards and so on, that is no work for a minister," Rev. Mann said.

"The eavesdropper listens only to hear his own disgrace," William thought; so he knocked at the door, and as some one said come in, he opened the door and came into the room as lightning from a clear sky.

There were about half a dozen persons present, amongst them some whom William would not have expected to be there.

He had caught the foxes.

All that were present looked surprised, and Rev. Mann was as white as a sheet.

William acted as though he had heard nothing, and said, "Rev. Mann, you are invited to lunch with Mrs. Orlin this noon, also my family, so I have come to get you. If I disturbed you, I beg your pardon; but as you are going to remain in the city for a few days, you can postpone your conversation to another time."

The guest was soon ready, and they went to the home of Mr. Orlin. On their arrival they found several of the members of the ladies' society present, and they were heartily welcomed.

Brother Mann had not much to say at first, but as he saw that no one made any remarks concerning church matters, he began to get lively, and he spent several pleasant hours in this happy company.

William controlled himself wonderfully, and showed great calmness. One thing was certain, that his days for re-

maining in Chicago, or rather, with his congregation, were numbered. The foxes were destroying his vineyard.

The sermon that William preached on Whitsuntide was criticised by some, while others were in favor of it. However, a large part of those that said nothing still thought it unnecessary for William to have built a kitchen for the poor, as the Synod had not given their consent.

The Summer passed without any trouble, but when Autumn came, and the leaves began to fall from the trees, and Winter approached with its special wants, the noble and good joined themselves more closely to their pastor. Judas and Demas gathered the dissatisfied and the undecided around them, but worked cautiously.

The Autumn ecclesiastical council came to hand. In the forenoon William and some of his members partook of the Lord's Supper. After church he asked all to be present at the meeting at the proper time.

The hour came, but the meeting was not well attended, only the true-hearted were present.

When William was in the act of calling the meeting to order, Judas and Demas, with their crowd, entered.

When the meeting was called to order, Judas asked for the floor. William told him that the account of the different committees came first, then he would be allowed to speak. After William had given the chair to Mr. Reinhard, he said:

"Dear brethren, I heard the other day, without wanting to hear it, that our mission agent said, 'Get William away, then the Synod will do something for Chicago.' As I see, this advice fell upon prepared ground, and it is bringing forth fruit, for to those that entered last this remark was made. As I wish that more would be done for the church, and as I am the only thing in the way, I hand in my resignation, and in a quarter of a year I leave. May God bless you."

Then turning to those who last entered, he said: "I am sorry that you have deceived yourselves. I will not look for revenge, only I fear that your work will not succeed, for 'he who sows wind, will reap storm.' May God forgive you, as I have forgiven you. Brother Judas has the floor."

"Have nothing to say," was the answer.

One of the faithful ones made the motion not to accept William's resignation, but William said: "There is no power on earth that could make me change my resolution. Let me free, for I can't work here with pleasure."

No one said a word, so William prayed an "Our Father," and the meeting was ended.



12. THE DEPARTURE.

After it was known that William had resigned, letters came to him from all sides, asking what he intended to do. He answered every one without telling anything about himself, only at the end he wrote:

"Take care for the Church in Chicago;
The Lord will take care of me."

He did not wish to be a minister any longer, but wanted to establish an orphan home; and for this purpose he secured two acres of land, 16 miles from Chicago. He also secured a situation in the High School as German teacher.

He told this to Rev. A. B. only, and he thought his plans very good. However, before he arranged this he brought suit against the mission agent, Mr. Mann, at the District Court, to make him answer for his doings. This spread like fire through the Synod and he was asked from all sides to recall his suit. But he said "No!" As the special meeting of the Synod was at hand, they were afraid that their foul plans would be laid bare. At length Rev. A. B. wrote to William, saying that he wished him to recall his suit, and that he would be justified. Thinking him to be an honest friend, he recalled it, but he never was justified; and more than once William has remarked, "The greatest sin I committed against myself was that I took back that suit. Had not my friend A. B. written so friendly, I could never have been persuaded to do so."

The answer was, "He is a fine friend; he was deepest in the mire."

Aha, he also was one of the serpents that were nourished in his bosom.

Amid these battles, the time passed and Christmas came, —the last that William and his congregation should celebrate

together. All those that were opposed to William were also present at the celebration.

William was continually on the lookout for a suitable follower, but all declined to take his place. It was an open secret throughout the whole Synod that they had pulled the ground from under William's feet, therefore no one wished to accept the place.

One of the brethren wrote to him, saying, "If you are not able to hold the boat on the water, one who is thoroughly acquainted in Chicago, how do you expect me to do so? Under such circumstances you ought not to have resigned."

William answered: "When a boat is in danger, amidst storm and raging waves, in danger of running on sand-bars, or being hurled against the rocks, more than one man must stand at the helm. One must sit in the basket on the mast and watch, others on both sides of the boat throw out lines to measure the depth of the water. To be able to do this, the captain gives the signal for help. Have they sent us help? They promised to do so, but when it came to the point, they said, 'We cannot send you help.' Evidently we will have to hoist the white flag, which means in the language of the sailors, 'Save what you can.' But enough with this illustration. There is one in our church who has the power to make wind and waters obey Him, and to Him we call, 'Save us, O Lord, we perish!' And He will help us; and what I fear will not come to pass, for our boat is strong, and even if destroyed a little, it can for many years carry the people into the blessed harbor."

William received no answer to this letter.

The time approached that he should leave the church. No successor was there.

Being asked by the president of the Synod to take a congregation in the State of Michigan he obeyed, and gave up the idea of establishing an orphan home.

On the Sunday after New Year he held his farewell service, and preached from the words of our Saviour: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," his theme being, "The servant should be as the master."

Many tears were shed during this service, and many prayers ascended to the throne of God.

At the end of the service, the choir sang:

Oh, fear thou not, my soul,
E'en though your path be dark.
Seems as though thy goal
Hath disappeared,
Believe, believe,
Thy God is near; believe.

Are you alone on earth,
Your heart no pleasures sees,
Fear not, e'en in dearth,
Thy Saviour doth live;
Believe, believe,
Thy God is near, believe!

Satan may threaten thy
Heart, and sins be many;
Fear not, Satan defy
And mercy will lead
Thee to the throne;
Believe; thy God is near.

Praised be our Saviour!
He does not leave His own;
E'en though we be poor
In the sight of the world;
With God heaven
Is on earth; soul, believe!

All of his old friends were present to bid their pastor farewell. While they were crowding around William and

his family, Mr. Reinhard remarked, "Brethren and sisters, let us sing a song before we part."

Julia, the oldest daughter of William played the organ, and playing a prelude, they all joined in singing:

"While His high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!
His vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise ye the Lord."

After the last sound echoed through the church, Judas and the mission agent entered. The latter was to preach for the church until they found a suitable pastor. He was to reap what he had sown; and he did.

POSTSCRIPT.

Farewell, dear reader! Perhaps, you would like to know what became of the persons of this story. We will tell you as much as is known.

Dr. Adolphus, like Cain, left the place to roam in far distant parts of the country. His conscience gave him no rest. Sometimes he was temperance preacher, then again wine dealer, and pastor of different denominations. The last heard of him was through the following newspaper clipping:

"A certain Doctor Adolphus, minister of different denominations, left the hotel in which he was staying without paying his bill. He sent his watch and other useful things to his wife. Whether he met his death by drowning or not, no one knows, but it seems likely."

Judas ended his career as did his brother, who betrayed the Master.

Demas, after lingering long, was also taken out of this world. May he have found repentance!

The mission agent, Mr. Mann, begged pardon, and told William the whole story. Demas and Judas opened his eyes for him. He eventually became insane, and died in that condition.

The Synod began to work at three different places after William was gone, and gave as much money as they could spare; but all their work was useless.

Rev. A. B. holds one of the best places which the church can give. He also is a friend to William again, and seems to have repented of his treacherous work.

Mr. Reinhard, Mrs. Orlin and the other friends are still living to the honor of their God and the welfare of the people.

And as to William, he is still working for the benefit of the poor and orphans. He is now president of an orphan home and a home for the aged, is beloved by all the noble and good, but still hated by the ignoble and jealous.

Again, dear reader, farewell!

WILLIAM V. STRANDE.

THE END.





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